

TWILIGHT

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<https://youtu.be/yEtmZKE5jhw>

The country is entering into various convulsions where hatred and violence have taken root. This investigation into the intimate motives of the Macronist regime, written in October 2018, gives credence to these hatreds and violence that have become so much more despised.

It is institutionally impenetrable because of the links of corruption, nepotism and endogamy that are about to be exposed.

All the facts, however, were investigated and verified in detail. They expose a major democratic scandal: the seizure of power by a small minority, which then ensured that its usufruct was redistributed to its own people, in a diversion that explains the explosion of violence we have seen.

Who explains it because the scandal to which it is subject has not been said or revealed, feeding through successive compromises a violence that could only break out. In a country where 90% of the press is in the hands of a few billionaires, the exposure of the truth is a complex matter, and the ability to speak and grasp reality continues to deteriorate for leaders and "elites" as well as for the "people".

One Frenchman in two - the *Yougov* poll of 4 December 2018 ¹- wants Macron to resign. We must measure the strength of this figure: it is not a question of saying that one Frenchman out of two would not like the President of the Republic. But that one in two French people, a vast majority of whom believe and adhere to the existing political system, barely a year after a presidential election, consider that its result should be invalidated by the departure of the person who theoretically should have led them for five years.

It is not difficult to deduce from this that a very large majority would approve it, if this fall or dismissal occurred.

¹<https://www.capital.fr/economiepolitique/lamoitiedesfrancaissouhaitentlademissiondemmanuelmacron1318654>

How can this be explained, when formally, this being seems to have respected all the conditions that make an election seem democratic?

Quite simply, by showing that this being has only *formally* respected our democratic system, and has instead collapsed it. And that the illegitimacy felt by a majority of our fellow citizens is a reality.

Our journalists and commentators, political parties, will always refuse to say this and believe it, to investigate it. This is natural, because, as we will show, they were accomplices and main vectors of the democratic rape that took place, a game of appearances in which a being was presented to the people to mask its reality.

The words are hard. And yet, you will find out: they are justified. The one we are about to symbolically defeat has taken power, literally, at the expense of the democratic and republican principles to which we adhere, and by which we ask for his departure or dismissal.

There is no sedition in Emmanuel Macron's call to leave, because it was he and the interests that formed him who behaved like seditious in order to take power. Let us appreciate the importance of these words, which start from any *political* disagreement: it is the very meaning of our confrontation with this being, the very idea that we would belong to the same group, that is affected.

We are in an exceptional situation.

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Notice the following. No institutional voice, in the media, political parties or elsewhere, conveys this desire for impeachment, when, as we have seen, it concerns *at least* half of the population. None of them, with the exception of the yellow vests that are invited and treated with folklore to discredit them on television sets, have taken up this main claim. However, it is the role of the media and politics, in a democratic and liberal, representative society, to speak out and express the intentions of the population. If it does

not intervene, and if it does not intervene with such ferocity, then the principle of our regime is affected.

That, and that alone, would justify the violence that exploded. For how could these beings make themselves heard, in a system where their word is not only denied, but simply made invisible? In this paradox that no one wants to deal with, the proof of a deep failure, a failure that must be corrected.²

All seem to be caught in the trap of what will be called, and we will justify it, an oligarchic system. That is, a public space dominated by individuals whose wealth depends directly or indirectly on the State, and who have invested it to take control of the media and thus ensure the preservation of their interests at the expense of the common good.

A State that we find today and without chance, at a time when the people are claiming their rights, no longer devoted to this common good, but to the maintenance of order, that is to say, of what exists, and of those who have placed theirs there. Including to serve populations.

What we need to demonstrate now is that Emmanuel Macron was "placed" much more than he was elected. That the press has acted in this field with complicity. And that the anger and the desire for dismissal that drives a majority of our fellow citizens is legitimized.

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We told on Twitter and elsewhere about the mechanisms leading to the organization of the twenty-hour TF1, presidential interviews with France 2, the appointment and recruitment of journalists according to various affinities, the systems of compromise and redistribution that are being put in place at all levels to ensure that no words will be said about the mechanisms that govern the production of fellow citizens are legitimate.

² France Insubordinate itself, all in its quest for renewal, is only looking for a parliamentary dissolution, for which we wonder what it would bring us. The National Rally, panicked, calls for "respect for the institutions of the fifth republic". The others are insignificant.

We have told elsewhere how Emmanuel Macron carried out a real democratic uprooting, whose only outlet could be the authoritarian stiffening of the regime - to the point of excess - or the collapse.

What we are about to reveal here is the factuality that allowed this power to be put in place. The way, for example, Edouard Philippe, out of nowhere, rose to the post of Prime Minister, after having been pitifully lost between lobbying missions for a large nuclear company and various apparatchikisms with *Les Républicains*. How and why Ludovic Chaker and Alexandre Benalla were recruited at the Elysée in order to set up a Praetorian guard acting as Emmanuel Macron's "private police", according to the model Bernard Arnault introduced him to Bernard Squarcini, former director of the DGSI, currently under investigation for having put his new boss, LVMH, his networks and sometimes the secret services of our country at the service.

How all this, despite the courageous investigations of some, has never been properly told.

We will talk about why Édouard Philippe took such a place with Emmanuel Macron, where the *free press* and its hundreds of journalists were satisfied with making it the story that Macronia dictated to him.

What we will demonstrate here is that, on this case, as on hundreds of others, a democratic narrative has not been made. Only on such important events as the appointment of a head of government, France has been kept blinded. And that the democratic problem that this raises is ontological: it threatens our regime, by removing all legitimacy from its leaders, since it turns their election into a farce aimed at masking the real forces that propelled them. We will show how a being, Jean-Pierre Jouyet, whom all political journalists know, about whom none have investigated in their reports to Macronia³, how this being did, with

³ Raphaëlle Bacqué and Ariane Chemin, journalists who could be considered with a few others as the effective directors of the *World*, yet perfectly informed of the networks that the character maintained and authors of an investigation about him under François Hollande, have been tremendously silent about him since Mr. Macron's election.

Henry Hermand - millionaire in charge of financing Macron's private life⁴ - and Xavier Niel, President Macron.

What will be demonstrated here is that the system put in place by these beings has been sufficient to bypass all the safeguards of our democracy, and has made it possible to establish a power whose legitimacy is rightly contested, where self-determination and conflict of interest have been established as norms, and where men of power have been enthroned to maintain order and loot.

What will be demonstrated here is that those who are qualified by the small soldiers of the established order as "violent", all those yellow vests that have been so mocked, are the ones who better understood than the others. Because they stay away from the influence games that rot the little Paris. Because they do not benefit directly or indirectly from the prebends offered by the State to those who accept their enslavement: they immediately saw the tricks that were being tried to be imposed on them. They understood without having to hear it, among other things, that the carbon tax was only a cover to make everyone pay for what some, through the ISF, the *exit*, the *flat tax* and a thousand other devices, were collecting.

This link between facts, this discursivity, no member of our "elite" has sought to implement it during this period in the public space. It is they, they who were supposed to be "illiterate", who are legitimized as fellow citizens.

What this text intends to demonstrate is that it is those who demand the departure of the President, and not those who defend him on behalf of the institutions, who have turned their attention to the defenders of our Republic and democracy

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There was a violent uprising in France from 24 November 2018. This violence, unlike the violence inflicted on us on a daily basis by those who compromise themselves with the system, has been anything but gratuitous. Targeted, thoughtful, exasperated by policies that increased already unbearable inequalities and destroyed society, it attacked goods and functions. As a liberator,

⁴ But also, and probably in violation of electoral legislation, Young People with Macron, as shown by the Macronleaks, under the code name "HH".

she was a source of joy and connection. Controlled, it has been thought out.

In a society where it is always the same people who suffer from uncertainty, fear of losing their position and precariousness, it has reversed roles. Now the bourgeoisie and the settled, now the looters and the profiteers, were shaking. Now those who had merrily, joyfully, without ever fearing backlash, compromise, were exposed.

That is why a being like Mr. Couturier, shows himself so vehemently to attack a revolution that he feels is the first object. That's why *Le Monde* is so afraid to support it.

This text explains and legitimizes their anger. It shows that policies have their source, and their feelings are a reality. This text gives foundation and reason to their anger. It *demonstrates* - the word is strong, it is justified - that they were right. By the facts, far from any ideology, he shows why this anger was healthy and necessary. Why they have to be given up.

All violence is communication failure. However, what we need to explain now is that this failure was organized by a few to serve their interests, at the level of society. It was based on a thousand compromises, manipulations and various operations that led to the organisation of an illegitimate election that a majority is now seeking to deny.

This violence, which so many now demand to condemn, is *their* responsibility and must be returned to them.

I

The presidential power is entering its twilight. With a time delay, the epistles seem to be deciphering the workings of an ascent presented in its time as miraculous, that of a young man with blond temples and eyes of heaven who, by the grace of talent and audacity alone, conquered an entire country.

The innocent account of this immaculate conception, repeated in a loop and unanimously by a desperate press, cracks with the sweetness of the beginnings. As in any ill-founded enterprise - and the Macronist epic, as we will see, was particularly so - the hues of sulphur cover at a burning speed the shards of glory that we thought had been definitively traced. The backdrop of power, made up of backstage and compromises, corruptions and inferiorities, of destinies mobilized to wrest France from its destiny, appears step by step. And this backlight has a very particular color: that of blood.

This blood is not only that of the usual business people and corrupters, these courtiers who are being carried by all the powers. It smears Emmanuel Macron's shadow with a more particular substance, made of delinquents and intriguers that we thought were relegated to our shallows and backgrounds. The affair is going faster than expected, revelations follow one another, and now the challenge of taking power quickly enough for the state propaganda machines to cover the ugliness of the approach in time is about to be lost. The intriguing man's juvenile temples seem to be bead. It's time for us to finish it.

Hostilities were launched *via the* publication of the book *Mimi*, by Grasset. Exploding the opaque borders hitherto drawn in the name of intimacy by a compromised and dominated press, the text, the work of two investigative journalists and a novelist, highlights, in the autumn of 2018, one of the main pieces of the "fabric of consent" that enabled Emmanuel Macron's victory, through an unprecedented, almost physical bludgeoning, which was imposed by a certain caste on the French.

The investigation exposes the figure of Michèle Marchand, the central piece of a huge communication enterprise that was set up with the help of a billionaire, a certain Xavier Niel, in order to make known and soften by the French people an absolute stranger who had just been co-opted by the Parisian elites, pure product of the system transformed in a few months into an icon adulated by the editorial staff of Gala, VSD, Paris Match and a few other carefully mobilized magazines.

A being whose notoriety, equal in nature to that of reality TV celebrities, could only collapse through this device.

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What the book tells us is the second stage of Macron's seizure of power, following the one that allowed him to be adopted by a Parisian oligarchy, which we will now present.

What the book reveals, but poorly reveals, is to what extent the most putrid networks in France's rancidest are linked to those powerful people who boast of elegant morality and decent values.

Strangely kept away from many television and media outlets, the investigation conducted by Jean-Michel Décugis, Pauline Guena and Marc Leplongeon reveals how a former pimp who became a billionaire and then an oligarch, a certain Xavier Niel, met at the beginning of the twentieth century a woman in the

business, Michèle Marchand, imprisoned notably for drug trafficking, and decided to join forces with her to make it a part of her rapid rise to the highest fortunes in France.

The first strangeness that the text revealed was that this "Mimi" Merchant had been met by Xavier Niel thanks to the networks he had cultivated during his time in prison. If one was imprisoned in Fresnes and the other in the VIP cell of the Health Department - where he was protected by the investigating judge Renaud Van Ruymbeke, who would later say he was fascinated by the character, as he had been by many powerful people, sparing him too long in prison by his requisitions - the book tells us that their lawyer was common and introduced them mutually.

Let us recall that Xavier Niel is now the owner of the most important media in our country, and that he has placed at their head a henchman, Louis Dreyfus, in charge not of censoring or having it said directly, but of recruiting and dismissing, promoting and punishing. What we will see is much more important.

This first surprise is not enough. Indeed, the irregular mores of the richest people in our country have no longer caused any scandal since they took it upon themselves to be loved, and have therefore begun to buy back all the country's media - less than ten of them own 90% of the written press, let us not forget - to control their image, or, as Mr. Niel says, to "not be bullied". And if Xavier Niel has covered himself with a few darkness from which most of his fellow human beings escape, in the form of envelopes that have fed a prostitution network of which he seems to have known nothing, we have known for a long time that fortunes are more often the result of cadaveric putrefactions than of acts qualifying as beatifications.

However, *Mimi does not stop* there and "reveals" an element that is somewhat embarrassing for the well-meaning appearances of

our elite. Appearances whose importance will be recalled: our *dominants* are considered legitimate in that they claim to *give the lead*. Their exemplarity - whether moral, intellectual or performative - legitimizes the privileges granted to them, and appears to be the key to the power that society attributes to them. If this *imperium were to* collapse, the whole building would fall as a result.

This is the element revealed by the book *Mimi* and which, out of modesty, the little Paris did not dare to make known until then to the rest of the country, including the largest newspaper in France, *Le Monde*, this great daily newspaper which nevertheless boasts a foolproof independence.

This element is the following, and is divided into two parts: Xavier Niel and Emmanuel Macron are long-time friends, and the former mobilized his fortune and his network to get the latter elected while he was still a complete stranger. That Xavier Niel is the owner of the *Le Monde* group, but also of *Obs* and owns minority stakes in almost all the French media not owned by another oligarch, including *Mediapart*, is probably not due to the fact that our journalists, very modest, have never revealed their links, and *a fortiori* that these links would have fed the provision of some of his resources to Mr Macron's service, which should have been recorded in cash. However, this availability would go back *at least to the* beginning of 2010. That is between three to six years before Mr. Macron's election.

The element is not insignificant. In addition to the obvious violation of the electoral code and the regulations on campaign expenses involved in making a billionaire's funds available to a candidate without any declaration whatsoever, it should be recalled that Xavier Niel's fortune is directly dependent on the decisions of our governments - it would be sufficient for the State to withdraw the telephone licences granted to Free for his fortune to collapse immediately. His dependence on the immense political power is such that François Fillon decided

to grant a telephone license to Free - exploding Free's market capitalization, more than 50% of which is still owned by Mr. Niel - for the sole purpose of "annoying" Nicolas Sarkozy (definitely).

Indeed, Mr. Sarkozy hated Mr. Niel, who returned it well, *the friendship that the* former had with Martin Bouygues, who saw his empire shaking because of the latter, not having anything to do with it. Mr. Fillon, in his latent war against the man who had appointed him, had found much to avenge, and perhaps to make one of the supporters of the one he would betray tremble.

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We understand the importance for Mr. Niel to please the political and technocratic elites of our country, and therefore, to constitute himself as an oligarch by investing in the press in order to ensure that these politicians give him an influence on which he can play - exactly as his opponent Mr. Bouygues does with the 20H of TF1, inviting the leaders of our country according to their ability to serve his interests.⁵

Mr. Niel actually takes infinite pleasure in having lunch with any young intriguing person who would show him his interest, provided he has gone through one of those elite factories that guarantee you a golden destiny - Polytechnique, the Ecole Normale supérieure or the ENA⁶. He then invites and stares at these fellow rope climbers⁷ in a restaurant near the *Madeleine*, gives them a whole act aimed at giving them the impression that they could join forces, and ensures that cordial ties are maintained, which he will not hesitate to mobilize later on. Thus, several hundred senior officials have already been

⁵ <https://fr.news.yahoo.com/xavier-niel-free-accuse-bouygues-faire-lobbying-gr%C3%A2ce-133915069.html>

⁶ This was our case in January 2014, when he announced that a young Deputy Secretary General of the Republic would become President.

⁷ because yes, Mr. Niel, contrary to what is told by a legend made with the help of Mimi, is indeed part of this system, as the good heir of a comfortable bourgeoisie who had him registered in one of these preparatory classes of the scientific elite, distortions of the republican school that sacred and consecrate the youngest heirs of our country.

curiously *influenced*, at the time of writing, at a time when the flesh is still tender, and ideas are poorly formed.

All this is known and known by everyone who participates in this politico-media *pram* that is the little Paris. It is therefore surprising that it was not until September 2018 that the links between one of our country's most important oligarchs and its President were revealed. Not only in that they were to be known in order to control the possible conflicts of interest and interventions in the democratic space that Mr. Niel could have implemented, but also in that they would have made it possible to lift a veil on the immaculate conception that made a miracle during Macron's election. Would we have voted identically, if we had known that this admirable young man, touched by grace and coming out of nowhere by the sole force of his talent, was in fact propelled by one of the most powerful and influential men in France, who we suspect was not acting without interests, even before he was introduced to the French?

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Of course not, of course not. And yet, when the case was known, we kept quiet. No one snitched. It was not until after a book in which both were involved in only two short chapters, one and a half years after this election and at least four years after their first meeting, that the information was revealed - and taken up, discreetly and without comment, by a journalist from *Le Monde* who was well aware of these matters, a certain Raphaëlle Bacqué.

We are all the more surprised because it is at Xavier Niel's home, in the highly praised Station F - built in Paris with the support of the mayor of Paris, Anne Hidalgo, to whom Xavier Niel introduced his *missi dominici* Jean-Louis Missika, Free's travelling companion since the first hour and appropriately appointed first deputy to a Mayor whose second deputy, Christophe Girard, is also an employee of another oligarch, Bernard Arnault, about whom we will return; It is therefore

within this highly praised Station F built with the help of public power and yet entirely dedicated to the glory of Xavier Niel that Emmanuel Macron was welcomed several times and even spoke of these "nothings" that we would see in the stations, these reduced citizens, unlike him and his acolytes, to take the RER and the metro.

The misinformed citizen may have thought that it had been a pure and happy coincidence that Mr. Niel and Mr. Macron had exchanged visits and displays of affection and support in places that, from school 42 to Station F, seemed to have as their objective to serve the common good and not their influence and reputation. But journalists, even as Mr. Niel bragged in the whole Paris about loving and seeking to get elected, and then support his friend? Even though they were aware of the support that the public authorities had given to the implementation of these platforms, that they saw well the difficulties that could cause the organization of these similarities, hyper-controlled demonstrations of force staged with an appearance of recklessness to modernize Mr. Macron's image, give the impression that he was the embodiment of the new, create by himself the confidence of his most worried fellow creatures of these revolutions that worry so much?

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Let us not leave it at that, although the fact that this element alone has remained hidden for so long is enough to question the integrity of our media space and the democratic health of our country. Because it turns out that our colleagues are venturing a little further. Indeed, they do not content themselves, as if nothing had happened, with telling us that two people bound by the mob and who remained close to it have allied themselves to elect a stranger to the Presidency of the Republic, mobilizing wealth and networks to make him known and imposed on the French, in the idea that he would serve their interests.

We also discover, through successive pointillisms, the ways in which Xavier Niel intervened at the heart of our democratic space to make his protégé known and subsequently elected. Thus we learn in the book that it was Xavier Niel who offered Michèle Marchand to take care of the image of Emmanuel Macron and his wife, during a meeting organized in his private mansion with the latter.

This private mansion, where this crucial meeting took place, is nothing less than a marbled replica of the *Great Trianon*.

Mimi Marchand, the queen of the popular press, convicted of drug trafficking - she was arrested driving a truck loaded with 500 kilograms of hashish - had her picture taken in Mr. Macron's office in July 2017.

The person who does not hesitate to expose people's privacy to intimidate them and use his sources to destroy this or that individual on command was the person in charge of inducting Mr. Macron into the French army. Mimi Marchand, or the merchant of secrets who has been in the spotlight of the popular press for twenty years, capable of silencing information, even if it is in the public interest, in a few moments, to show and expose naked bodies to humiliate them or consecrate them.

As long as we pay her well.

Mimi Marchand and his days in prison, his networks in the mafia and the police, his henchmen and paparazzi, his threats and violence, his cash envelopes that have killed more than one, is a very close friend of Emmanuel and Brigitte Macron.

And this same Michèle Marchand was introduced to Brigitte Macron-Trognoux by her "friend" Xavier Niel, in her private mansion, in order to silence information, and to transform Emmanuel Macron, then illustrious unknown, rich banker who had used the State networks to make his fortune, questioning

his future, transforming him into an ideal son-in-law, and generating sympathy that nothing in his career had created.

The operation, according to the authors of the book, was a success, since it was directly at the origin of the - no less than - 29 dithyrambics that *Paris Match* and some others granted to Emmanuel Macron and his wife in a few months. Twenty-nine of them.

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But how could a single individual, a woman like Mimi Marchand, alone, or with the support of a single billionaire, have provoked such a conversion? It seems too big.

And it is. Indeed, we are beginning to cross-reference the things and the unspoken things that lie behind these investigations. The owner of *Paris Match*, Arnaud Lagardère, whose authors say that Mimi Marchand is the true managing editor, was also Emmanuel Macron's client during his time in Rothschild, which is not mentioned in the book. As *Vanity Fair* recounted, it turns out that Mr Lagardère's henchman in the media, a certain Ramzy Khiroun, was made available to Mr Macron by Arnaud Lagardère as soon as he was appointed Minister of the Economy, to handle his communication. And that it was therefore the alliance of Mimi Marchand and Ramzy Khiroun, Niel and Lagardère, which made it possible to implement this communication operation.

Mr Lagardère is the heir to a huge empire that by its mediocrity he has made step by step to skin. His family's fortune was made by the State.

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It turns out that the deal worked so well that it is not surprising that the editor of *Paris Match* - appointed following the dismissal of the previous one at Nicolas Sarkozy's request -

should be resigned in the summer of 2018, was not by the grace of a call from Brigitte Macron to Arnaud Lagardère's handyman, Ramzy Khiroun, a call made at the request of Mimi Marchand, who was afraid of losing his main relay and the main source of his financing. Brigitte Macron knew what she had to lose when she lost Mimi Marchand. That is why a few days earlier Mimi Marchand was proposed for recruitment at the Elysée to the palace's administrative services, which had been reluctant to do so. Arnaud Lagardère would agree.

Why is this not stated in the book *Mimi*, as it is not said that Arnaud Lagardère was Emmanuel Macron's bankrupt client, and that Mr Khiroun and his berlutti was its *missi dominici*? Because the publisher of this book, *Grasset*, is owned by Hachette, which has been acquired by a holding company called Lagardère Active, whose owner is a certain Arnaud Lagardère, and whose effective director is a certain Ramzy Khiroun.

And we are beginning to understand why in this country no one understands anything, while everyone feels everything. Because the French public space is crossed by semi-compromises that prevent anyone from having the independence to tell *everything*: everyone has an affinity, a bond, a dependence on one part of this system that prevents them from intersecting or stating. And all of them, as a result, must truncate the truth.

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Let's start again. One after the other, we "discovered" - a little late, it will be noted, we are only in September 2018 - that apart from the fact that Xavier Niel and Emmanuel Macron had been friends for years - which was not said - that this friendship had been put at the service of a political project and had set in motion an elaborate propaganda machine, financed by Mr. Niel and supported by Mr. Lagardère outside any electoral rule, at least from 2016, probably well before that; and that this propaganda machine played a major role in the 2017 presidential election, by allowing dozens of Unes de presse

people, from *Paris Match*, which we have just mentioned in Gala, Closer and VSD, to be obtained for the benefit of an unknown person propelled by then even to the cenacle of eligible persons.

We understand that part of this information has not been revealed because part of the most important media in our country belonged to this oligarch, and part of the other media to this other oligarch: that there is therefore, contrary to what is repeated over and over again by the slightest journalist to whom we would ask, that there is a serious problem in the fact that the French press is concentrated in the hands of a few very wealthy people, who have invested in the media because their fortune depends on the State. All the swearwords covered by journalists whoever dares to question it will no longer be able to do so at this moment.

But it goes further: what we discovered is that these press releases were sold by Mimi Marchand to magazines owned for the most part by oligarchs who had been in business links with the future President of the Republic *specifically*. There is every reason to believe that this was done because everyone was interested, and not only because they were seduced by the colour of the future President's eyes and the beauty of the couple he formed with Brigitte Macron.

And we learn this when we also know that these magazines have accepted, and this without anyone really taking offence - that is, giving it enough importance to have it censored - to publish "false exclusivities" and "false paparazzades" manufactured from scratch by Mimi Marchand's agency, *Bestimage*.

That, in short, Mr. Macron was presented on glossy paper while claiming that he did not want it and could do nothing about it, and that the French, believing they were discovering spontaneous images, discovered images made, manufactured and financed by some of the most powerful men in France to

present them with an ideal couple that would serve their interests.

At this point, one could compare it to the sudden rise of a certain Putin, V., who was *placed in* his position overnight *through* a democratic election by an oligarchy seeking to defend his interests, who was panicked, ready to sell to his people any bureaucrat who took an oath to him, in exactly the same way that Mr. Macron was propelled in a few months to be unknown to be *democratically* elected - multiplying for that reason the operations of command and staging that would be mocked in any other country.

To justify this rapprochement, we could point out that Mr. Macron has since then been involved in the management of state media, commanding and cancelling programmes with friends he assures will be recruited or retained in their posts - we are thinking of Mr. Delahousse, an Amiens as is Mr. Macron, whom Delphine Ernotte wanted to remove from public service in October 2017 and who, after the Elysée's intervention, was maintained and took revenge in December of the same year by imposing the broadcasting of an interview with the President, which remained in the annals because of his domestic nature, literal garlanding of a President of the Republic by the public service, long propaganda tunnel of forty-five minutes shot in the Elysée's offices. We think of Mr. Pujadas, although not a very fierce rascal, who was ejected from his post on the day of Mr. Macron's induction. We are thinking of a few other cases which, affecting Lea Salamé as they did Michel Field, could with a little courage be published soon. Finally, we think of all the other cases, distributions of prebends and benefits that Mr. Macron will implement - in parallel with this effective supervision of part of the media - to reward those who had helped him, using public policies that would encourage the rise of inequality and

be coupled with rampant authoritarianism and arbitrariness, reducing freedom as corruption increased.⁸

We could do that, but in a scream of gold, we would be immediately accused of it. After all, people do not die by murder in France when they are journalists. We only die by suicide and inanity, by being crushed when we wanted to confront the government and refused to give in. People die by compromise or precariousness, because the mechanisms to silence the brave are much more insidious than in an authoritarian country, where they have to go through bodies like the CFS to have information censored. In France, information is diluted, suffocated by the mediocrity of its production, its editorialization, the drying up of the means postulated - none of these oligarchs, of course, would have the idea, after investing millions to buy them back, to lose any money for these media that they claim to hold to defend democracy. No, in France, no one takes the trouble to kill. Since it is enough to name.

There are many other elements that would make the comparison idle, including the fact that Mr Macron does not come from the secret services, but from another equally important body, the Inspectorate General of Finance; that he was propelled in peacetime - where Mr Putin had to manage Chechnya in a fragile position, which immediately led him to massacre and torture.

We will reject parallelism from then on, but nevertheless it will remain, as a small music reminding us of the fragility of our freedom, understanding that differences that might seem of nature could only be of context. Therefore, we will remain aware that we are dangers created by this kind of programmed, interested ascents, in settings where no space to show their rudeness remains preserved, where everything can be said, except for the mechanisms that prevent everything from being

⁸ From the law on business secrecy to privatisations, including *flat tax*, *exit tax*, the abolition of the ISF, the CICE and many other more discreet mechanisms, there are countless mechanisms that have aimed to feed the interests of individuals who have supported it, creating a system of impunity that paralleled a reduction in public freedoms, through the integration of the state of emergency into the rule of law and a whole series of legislative and regulatory provisions that are regularly denounced.

revealed. We will remember how other power holders eventually took power, power, in a very brutal way, to compensate for their fragility, after having seemed insignificant. We will remember that our elites believed Poutine as a transitional affair, a temporary bulwark of democracy, just as the foreign elites would believe, for a time, Macron as a bulwark of our liberalities. Who would have thought in 1999, in this resurgent democracy and finally freed from the rights of the past that Russia was, that only a few years later, Politkovskaya would be killed?

Who would have thought in 2017 that, while a young immigrant was blocking fascism, a few months later, a certain adviser to this President, Place de la Contrescarpe, dressed as a police officer, would beat up demonstrators, and for that, would not be punished? That thousands of demonstrators would then again be arrested, preventively, after a campaign of terror had announced deaths and assassinations, deployment of thousands of police officers and tanks in the streets of Paris, to prevent an insurrection that was seeking to bring down a system whose excesses it could no longer tolerate?

No, let us not allow ourselves any rapprochement. But yet, we wonder.

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Let's get back to the facts. Now, those we have just exposed crack somewhat the image of the young man with blond temples and azure eyes who, coming from nothing, would have conquered the country by the sole force of merit and the passionate love that his brilliant wife nurtured him. The purity of Emmanuel Macron's new world, a brave young man capable of stealing and marrying an older woman, a fact that was highlighted to the point of nausea by a hollow and hollow press, takes a hit, and the honest reader is surprised not to have been made aware of his ties of friendship and vassalage earlier.

We must insist on this point: we know that at least partially, this information was known by a very large number of individuals - we are thinking in particular of the relationship between Niel and Macron, since we were revealing it ourselves in 2016. Why, apart from the courageous and important independent journalist Marc Endeweld, has this never been said? Why did it take until the review of the book we are talking about by Raphaëlle Bacqué in September 2018 (!) for *Le Monde* to make a modest mention of it, without the information being taken up or analysed, or even to provoke a re-examination of the blessed support that was granted to the one who was, for months, presented as divinely coming from the thigh of a Jupiter whom he would seek to imitate?

How is it that this information has not only not been published, but contextualized, highlighted, exploited and made explicit? That when it was, it seemed to come out of the void, to be only a secondary matter, whereas it made it possible to suddenly, brutally understand part of the strange manipulations that had been masked to the French and had bewitched them? How is it that no one was outraged that, by this fact, no one was outraged by the launch of propaganda financed by one oligarch and approved by a second, altered an entire presidential election? That no one noticed it? That no one, in these simple terms, has stated it and expressed outrage?

What strange forces are they capable of censoring the hundreds of political journalists who, in Paris, only have the role of revealing the mechanisms of ascension and fall and of our leaders? These socially-funded entrants, trained in the finest schools in our country, who have been granted exclusive access to the powerful in order to control them on behalf of the community, whose hundreds of hours of work are funded each month for a single purpose: that they enable citizens to better understand the workings of our political system and enable them to vote in an informed manner, thus ensuring that our

liberal democracies are not only formal, and do not reduce their institutions to a charade whose objective would be to cover the cooptations that our elites would enjoy creating?

What power so obscure does it allow so much to silence them, and to transform a vile propaganda operation into an ethereal miracle?

What is this free press that is satisfied with the fact that its work is crushed by coarse propaganda devices, that take the finery of their freedom, a manipulation that will never arouse their indignation?

However, we cannot stick to the question asked.

Because the painting still lacks images. What we have just revealed is nothing yet. Indeed, our three fellow reporters and novelists in charge of this important investigation into Michèle Marchand - who posed, as we recall, since they reveal it, making the V of victory in the office of the President of the French Republic, the same one who was first set up by General de Gaulle - this woman who had therefore been arrested driving a truck full of five hundred kilograms of drugs a few years earlier - strangely forgot to mention some other elements that we know, of which they too are aware, exactly in the same way as their colleagues previously mentioned had forgotten to mention in the name of modesty and intimacy, propriety or insignificance the elements concerning the relationship between Niel and Macron that they knew, depriving the French people of crucial information at the time of making their decision.

And then we start to worry.

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Since the fate of Mr Lagardère, an oligarch whose influence will be extended further, is settled, let us continue along this other

path: namely, that this same Michèle Marchand was also in charge of *controlling the image* - that is, silencing any compromising information concerning him, to the detriment of the common good - of another oligarch, a certain Bernard Arnault, France's first fortune, the fourth largest in the world, with 70 billion assets and owner of the luxury group LVMH. At first sight, this might seem as insignificant as the "friendship" between Niel and Macron, if we forgot to specify another information that decorum and bourgeois conventions most often lead to dodge: namely that the *maverick*, the rebel, the man of the people Xavier Niel, lives in concubinage with Delphine Arnault, daughter and heiress of Bernard Arnault.

There, the innocent reader will ask us: why would that be so important? After all, haven't we been taught not to interfere in people's private lives, whether they are weak or powerful? Do we not hear it repeated to us, with an indignant look, as soon as we allow ourselves to speak out on this subject? Is this not the mantra of those same political journalists whose usefulness was questioned, so full of modesty and silence, of decorum and various blindness, that they show themselves excited on a daily basis in their editorial offices at the idea of sharing and peddling all the gossip, Yet inhibiting themselves when it comes to writing them, publishing them, accepting all the compromises imposed on them by their sources, until they no longer only become the reserve army of the powerful (which they are factually), but their appointed scribes?

Let us laugh at them and despise them, those who know perfectly well that even in absolute monarchy, under Louis XIV, one was required to have access to the naked king - and that there is therefore no reason for them to keep this information to *themselves*. Let us laugh at and despise those who pretend not to understand the importance of these mechanisms of exposure, the difference between a *person*, a "nothing", as Mr Macron would say, and those who have the means of the State, or even

far superior to the State, and therefore being able to have a significant influence on our daily lives.

Let's laugh at these people, these editors who we see every dozen dinners at the Ritz table to attend the inauguration of a Louis Vuitton boutique, a few steps from Bernard and Delphine Arnault, Xavier Niel and a few others, invited by the latter to taste dishes served in livery in exchange for small items that their henchmen would produce. And let us continue to understand, beyond the vexation and excitement felt at the idea of being part of it, to remain close to these sources of power that bring so much, which explains these inferiorities.

Let us continue, because this is not the only fact that, as you know, has not only been masked, but that care has been taken not to link it to other facts in order to allow third parties, citizens, to understand what was at stake in the political arena. Let us recall at this point that Mr. Arnault, who is also a major media owner - for *no reason* would he claim - is also the leading advertiser in France. That he thus holds a right of life and death over any media. That he did not hesitate to remove advertisements from the dailies he disliked - threatening them with bankruptcy, in order to make them understand what they would have to pay if they ever decided to tackle them. That it is also the same Bernard Arnault who, with a fortune to support several nations, wanted to go into tax exile to promote the inheritance of his brilliant children - and was outraged that he was blamed for it. That he is finally the same one who recruited the former director of the secret services of our country, the same one who did not hesitate to affirm some time ago that he regretted not having, throughout his life, earned more money.

The same Bernard Arnault who makes and defeats princes and whose, strangely enough, you know nothing about the compromises and corruptions, links of influence and invisible, affidado and henchmen he has been using and having for decades.

The same Bernard Arnault who uses a certain Mimi Marchand for this purpose.

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On this being, one of these other facts "known at all Paris" and yet masked to the rest of the population on the pretext that it would not concern them, is not insignificant, and we will see why. One of these facts, which would not present the slightest democratic stake and would justify being kept away from "people", was nevertheless exposed by a certain Jean-Jacques Bourdin during the famous Trocadero interview he conducted with Mr Plenel before the President. Under the watchful eyes of the whole country, Mr. Bourdin then allowed himself to be indecent: to know that the main beneficiary in France of the tax policies implemented by Emmanuel Macron maintained intimate relations with his wife and him, that he was in short their friend, and that the main beneficiary we are talking about was nothing less than... Bernard Arnault.

General indignation! Hide this breast that we cannot see! Scandal and mediocrity! No, you are not mistaken: it was not this report that aroused curiosity and indignation, but the fact that it had been stated.

In the name of what would such a fact have to be exposed? Would we have been that low? The President has no friends, he even says so! The media circus that started would have made people laugh, which would have been able to forget the tragedies that these compromises, this spirit wants and subdues, this fantastic ability to adhere to order for anyone who feels that he is about to be exposed, provoke by ricochet. The President's reply to this question was funny, "I have no friends", especially if we know a certain Xavier Niel, who has been saying over and over again for years: "Like all rich people, I have no friends". We don't know how long it took Niel's word to become Macronian - well, we wouldn't know it if we didn't know they

were friends - but at the same time, we might have understood it, if we had tried to hear the man who kept saying that you should dream of being a billionaire. An insignificant anecdote, that the porosity of this speech. And yet.

Let us return to the factuality, discarding for a moment the speeches by calling them common ground, and the policies that finance each other - we do not mention, since this is not our subject, what Mr. Niel had obtained from Ms. Hidalgo before using it from Mr. Macron - as we will not mention the delirious litany of public policies implemented by Mr. Macron to protect those who made him go up. It would be to claim such a strange vision that, *in the end*, these beings would be without ideas and would only think politics through their prism, that is, through what would serve their interests. It would be to break with a Marxist vision that we consider out of step, which makes the great multinationals bloodthirsty and disembodied molochs, where, by crossing these spaces, we have seen only private interests capable of mobilizing and projecting themselves from their situation alone, which explains the fragility and weakness, the lack of height of vision of these policies which *in the end* serve the great institutions, whether public or private, in order to strengthen only the destinies of those who preside them. It would be a way out of a rather futile plot to expose the mediocre humanity of individuals in whom an all Machiavellian power had been believed. That would be to degrade them.

So let us be satisfied with the factuality, and again, let us be surprised. Strange thing! Because we discover that the editor of *Mediapart*, who agreed with the leader on Mr. Bourdin's statement, knew that Mr. Arnault and Mr. Macron were friends, and yet had not, in a courageous media that had never doubted to expose the private lives of the powerful, never written or published. Not only that, but his colleague was barely content to state it when indignation fell and he was accused of this incursion, without Mr. Plenel saying a word. Could it be because the wife of the man in charge of studying caste at *Mediapart*, Laurent Mauduit, had an important position in one of the

groups in which Mr. Arnault held significant interests, *Carrefour*, until 2017, that no one had said anything about it? Or because Mr. Arnault's son-in-law, Xavier Niel, had invested in his media? It is doubtful - this is what makes the horror of these conflicts of interest against which *Mediapart* has turned itself into a censor. We do not believe in it, but we are obliged to notify it.

Because beyond these assumptions, one fact is clear: in the face of the oligarchy's candidate, and despite his very many in-depth investigations, despite the accumulation of facts that *Mediapart* brilliantly allowed to be revealed, the daily newspaper had never risen editorially speaking as it would against many other politicians, and had even been pleasantly complicit with Mr. Macron during end-of-campaign television shows that would have made any party blush. Whether it is the result of sociological determinisms or the old personal aversion that Mr. Plenel had for the other candidate that *Mediapart* could have supported, Mr. Mélenchon - an aversion that is never mentioned either - does not matter. Mr. Macron, as culpable as he was, what *Mediapart* journalists kept demonstrating, was at no time editorially put on the index like many other leaders would be for much less important facts.

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However, at a time when we are discovering that the first beneficiaries of tax policies that evaporate billions - yes, billions - of government coffers each year are close to Mr. Macron, and that this information was known by journalists, no one is saying anything.

While these same journalists know perfectly well that all the experts and economic studies have demonstrated, I repeat, that there was no economic reason for these decisions, that there is therefore not even suspicion, but proven hijacking, that we saw the face of Mr. Macron gets carried away and tries to get away with it by invoking, unfortunate ! a sentence torn from another of his oligarchic friends, claiming, ashamed, like a child caught

with his hand in the jam jar, that he had "no friends", one wonders: what are we doing?

What, in these minds, can justify this spirit of widowhood that has led to the investigation, exposed these links? Not to mention denounced?

There is no need even to invoke this or that compromise: there is already enough to be violently embarrassed. Since when did these journalists know? Why had they not earlier not only stated it, but also recalled it, insisted on it, insisted on it, linked, as Jean-Jacques Bourdin did, with his lipstick, to tax policies whose absurdity everyone has acknowledged, and why has it not been done and done again until it made us nauseous? Why didn't any investigator take an interest in it, wondering, for example, why it was that Mr. Macron the austere, the man of the immaculate conception, had policies that were so favourable to the most privileged, while he was increasing the taxation of all other segments of the population? But also simply how he met such a money man, and since when? Without speaking or daring to wonder, of course, about the effect and support that such a friendship could have had - or even more so, about the possibility that it might have been combined with Mr. Niel's.

On the idea, for example, that Mr. Arnault provided Mr. Macron with any support to thank him or influence him in his decision-making.

A support that could have taken the name of Mimi Marchand.

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In short, how is it that all our delegates, who benefit from tax breaks, legal and regulatory privileges, those on whom the functioning of representative democracy depends, *our* journalists, have kept silent or preferred to avoid these facts all these years - claiming that there would be an ideological gesture when it is a matter of questioning an undeniable correlation, not to mention causality - but also once the fact was revealed, they

became outraged that it was, rather than throwing themselves on their phones and computers to harass their interlocutors and thus ensure that democracy had not been perverted, that probity and integrity were respected, that our most fundamental values were protected? To simply bring out the truth?

Could it still be that between Bernard Arnault and his son-in-law, between their advertising power and their properties, added to the power networks they maintained, these beings created such oppression that his consciousness was diluted at all times, giving rise to conformity at all times, since journalists now know that they no longer owe society but their owners, advertisers rather than their readers, who are still less important in their *business model*? Could it be that we understand in this way how the information industry in France has gradually collapsed, accepting with ever greater naturalness the aberrant, making society soften until it collapsed, gripped in the molasses of a feeling of generalized rottenness, fuelled not by the vigour of the press, but on the contrary by its inability to denounce, to get rid of these incestuous links that are constantly unfolding everywhere?

Can it be that at the root of this degradation, this absolute loss of energy that transforms journalists into zombies, lies their literal subjugation at the hands of a few billionaires with such power that they no longer even need to use it, contenting themselves punctually with silencing, buying, intimidating, or simply disinteresting any journalist who does not want his career to end, for all others, to build an urgent need for conformity?

Why were we waiting for the people to rise up before finally, sincerely, sincerely, denouncing what hitherto seemed natural - brutally unfair tax policies, produced in the service of a few - if only somewhere, a conscious or unconscious enslavement has taken root? Where are the dozens of Unes mirroring those who praised the intimate merits of Mr. Macron and his wife, questioning his links with Messrs. Niel and Arnault, who

should have appeared the day after *Mimi's* publication, the day before when he decided to abolish the ISF without at any time arguing it, during the law on business confidentiality? Where is the lack of modesty that leads everyone to talk about the private lives of the powerful when they are served, when they decide to do so, and to keep quiet as soon as it could embarrass them? Where are these photographs and papers loaded with shells not his blue eyes, but the relationships of interest he had and maintained? Not here and there an investigation, but everywhere and at all times, dozens of Unes and reports, systematically aggressive and put forward?

To make sure that all this is only a fantasy, force Mr. Macron to demonstrate what everyone knows: that he is obviously only a white dove, that there is nothing to suspect, that all this has been carefully compartmentalized?

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Once the relational fact had been established - and it was - we would have gone further. In addition to the question about the link between these friendships and Mr. Macron's political biases, would we not have had to look for compromises and conflicts of interest that they might have generated? To seek in these protected areas, these non-places of the Republic which in some districts of Paris, manufacture all the compromises, the data making it possible to prove the interventions in the public space of these oligarchs in favour of their protégés? Recruitment and decisions of functions, factual interventions in their lives and those of their loved ones, what is called corruption?

It would then no longer only be a question of wondering since when, then, Mr. Macron had become a friend of the wealthiest couple in France, nor how to access these individuals, against which generation they were valued - since there is, according to Xavier Niel, and we are beginning to understand the meaning of his sentence, no friendship in these relationships, which

means, of his own admission, that there are only interests - whereas one is supposed to be a nice kid from Amiens, lost alone in Paris, fleeing family oppression to build his destiny for a love so many times magnified?

And what is the link between the fact that this fable was made to be told to a large number of people, and the mask it immediately brought to bear on the relationships we have just mentioned? Was it a pure correlation, or was there a desire to hide one by staging the other? In short, from the outset, would it be a manufacturing process?

And should we not then have been indignant, or *a fortiori* apologized, for having spoken of this *provincial* gentleman who, projected without money into Paris by the fact of a broken love, had devoted himself to the common good following brilliant studies before being propelled to the highest responsibilities of the State, without ever compromising himself, ready to do anything to sacrifice himself? Wasn't that the story that hundreds of journalists from *Paris Match* to France Télévision had told, spending millions of dollars laboriously ripped from society to stage documentaries, stories, surveys and portraits that conveyed not reality, but a fabricated fable?

This being, in fact, supported - we would not dare to say *done* - by a few powerful people in search of a relay, at a time when all the candidates in the system were collapsing, had nothing to do with the innocence that was being claimed. And shouldn't we apologize for pitifully claiming it?

We already hear the indignation of all the regime's little soldiers, those journalists who do not simply place their independence above all suspicion, but accuse, in front of whomever presents them with the facts exposing their compromise, of conspiracy, of these doubts about their integrity - as if it had, in the face of the evidence of their failure, any

interest whatsoever ! Those who spend their days arguing about their lack of servility while never finding themselves in disagreement with the order; overwhelmed by their morgue and despising the dissidents who would dare to question them; all those who, while claiming their freedom, will have never ceased to hide these facts during this period, and who, through their damaged account of the presidential campaign, bear an immense responsibility in the collapse of the regime we are witnessing.

We hear them indignant, but we can only despise them at this stage. Because these beings have shown that they cannot be trusted. Either because of their filthy stupidity - incapacities with minimal intelligence that makes political a friendly relationship between an oligarch holding means of acting on reality superior to those of a State and a President - or because of their compromise.

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Because even if we believed them - if we believed that there would be nothing to suspect from these unexplained links - all this would have required *a minimum* and obvious mobilization of immense means of investigation in order to finally close the door on these conspirators and other enemies of democracy who, not content to see evil everywhere, believe that there is a cloaca in Paris where politicians would sell themselves to financiers, under the absent scrutiny of rotten journalists.

That nenni. A single journalist, in a single book, would try to do this work on time: *L'Ambigu M. Macron* by Marc Endeweld, then an investigative journalist. And this work, while no one understood anything about the Macron phenomenon, would not even be reviewed in *Le Monde* or *Le Figaro*. Watched with disdain, we would let him pass, preferring to take an interest

and get excited about the story that Lagardère and Niel, Arnault and Marchand were making.

Only one courageous man, the same one who would later resign from *Marianne* following her takeover by a Czech oligarch, a certain Kretinsky, investing in *Elle* and *Le Monde* to prepare his takeover of an *Engie* that Mr. Macron was about to privatize, just as Mr. Drahi had bought *Libération* at the request of Mr. Holland - a request relayed by Mr. Macron - to be authorized to buy SFR, before appointing his friend and writer Laurent Joffrin as editor. That is not what we are saying. It is Mr. Drahi's henchman, Bernard Mourad, intimate with Mr. Macron, in the *Vanity Fair* of December 2018, who sets out without hesitation the modalities of forming an oligarchy, a billionaire finding support in a President against putting at his service a media bought for that purpose. All this without any discomfort or questions.⁹ Without indignation.

No, none of this was done. On the contrary, they preferred to strangle themselves in the face of the exposure of this fact, to believe Mr. Macron's explanations - his claim, against all evidence, to have no friends, and against all further evidence, to have acted rationally by eliminating the ISF - where all experts and studies contradicted it. We preferred to be indignant against the one who was trying to expose all this, even though we were discovering at the same time that France's first fortune, Mr. Arnault, was indeed invited as a guest of honour by Mr. Macron at the state dinner given by Donald Trump some time earlier. But, finally, after all, it was probably a coincidence, and again: how, if it were true, should it interest the public? We came back to it, the order always having to justify its cowardice in order not to move forward. After all, what did a few billion here, a few billion there matter? Wasn't politics a matter of empiricism, shouldn't we let them try, and what if in the meantime we degraded the lives of millions of people to do so?

⁹ This is the only fact that we are adding to this updated version of the October 2018 text, as it seems so crude to us.

Didn't our president have the only wrong, during the Trocadero meeting, in sum, to have been embarrassed by an insignificant fact, and to have denied the existence of a friendship that was, after all, natural? This is the argument that would be followed, once all the others have been exhausted, by the soldiers of the system, with the aim no longer of convincing, but of calming down and calming down. That is where the compromise leads.

Because if Mr. Macron seems to have selective friendships, and to implement public policies that are particularly in line with the interests of these friendships, wouldn't it be natural for talented people to appreciate and associate with each other? Why should we suspect the obvious, where it would be so easy, in the face of a being who looks so much like us, to believe in good fairies?

Would it not have been easier, and more conspicuous, to attribute to each other's associates the political choices of others, while powerful legislation controls the financing of public life - let us forget for a moment the twenty million Bygmalion and all the recurring cases that show the insignificance of this control - and that no trace of compromise has been identified? Why should we question the delirious insistence with which this being, in addition to the ISF, defends the maintenance of the CICE, which he created, and which each year costs the State at least twenty billion, for an effect that - once again everyone considers insignificant?

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However, let's move forward because we're not quite there yet, and let's sell the fuse: all these unworthy ripples are still nothing, and will lead us to a point of synthesizing.

Let us therefore recall at this point that a book enabled us to discover, in September 2018, that is, "only" one and a half years after a presidential campaign supposedly democratic and made

transparent by an independent and ferocious press allowed the people to choose their leaders, that Michèle Marchand, alias *Mimi*, a woman of little good, degrading in all aspects, having gone from prison and even lower works, to become *de facto* and from 2016 communication advisor to an unknown man who would become President. That it acted with the support of an obscure henchman and a repentant delinquent oligarch, with the support of another oligarch and the most powerful man in France, using networks that hold for some to mafias and for others to the very depths of the State - we will later invoke the Squarcini case; all this to, through an unprecedented media hype, make an individual come out of nowhere who would apply policies extremely favourable to these individuals.

That this media hype was not compensated, contradicted, by any serious investigation, except that of Mr. Endeweld, then an independent journalist. Only one journalist.

That this bludgeoning was doubled, or fed, by follow-mism and conformity, hundreds of laudatory articles, sometimes claiming only to an unattainable objectivity, among serious and unconscious journalists of what was being played, but also of documentaries and various stagings we will remember in particular the half-empty meetings presented as glorious, or the pushy proses presented as brilliant, or the non-existent programmatic proposals justified in the name of pragmatism and integrity.

Because we are well aware of the gregarious nature of human beings, and their difficulties, in the face of a phenomenon that everyone presents as natural and mass, in preserving their judgment.

It was therefore learned that this bludgeoning had been carried out by, among others, an oligarch, Xavier Niel, also a convicted offender, holder of a seventh fortune in France dependent on the State and having benefited from the established support of a politician; an oligarch who decided,

after buying up the country's most important media, to put himself at the service of a young first to help him to make himself known and to consecrate.

Then, by us and no longer by those of our investigators who had to withhold a certain amount of information for reasons mentioned and others to be mentioned, that the same Xavier Niel was the son-in-law of Bernard Arnault, France's first fortune, that the same Bernard Arnault had known Brigitte and Emmanuel Macron intimately for an undetermined period of time, that it was known, that it had not been said, and that Mr. Arnault, in addition to the tax benefits that Mr. Macron would grant him by law rather than by exception - this would have been seen too quickly - had benefited during the same period from the services of the same person as him and Mr. Niel to shape his image among the French. And that the communication adviser of two of the most powerful oligarchs in France was also that of the President of the Republic, and had served him "free of charge" without anyone knowing anything about it until September 2018, all without a written contract, by toping up - all while Mr Macron was charging millions of French people for tax policies that only served the former, and Mr Lagardère was covering all this by authorizing these communication policies.

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The suspicious reader will ask at that moment: what then? Wasn't that, if not said, understood?

First of all, let us remember that it is not just that. That, in addition to small tax gifts, the creation of fortunes is not as miraculous as one might think, and that their link with politics, and their ability to influence it, is decisive since these fortunes are in the billions and not in the millions.

Let us also remember that the constitutions of political destinies in France, in this glorious democracy that we no

longer boast, perhaps do not owe as much as we believed to the intrinsic virtues and qualities of each other, but to their ability to seduce and serve these same oligarchs, who, as we have seen, were able to spend hundreds of millions on the media to make us believe in their disinterest. And that the support given to some people's wealth - support that Emmanuel Macron objectively establishes for his protectors, through the adoption of a whole series of tax and regulatory provisions that directly concern them and have no benefit for the common good - can make the political destiny of others. To do so, you have to go through unsavoury third parties.

That, in short, the friendships Mr. Macron has with Mr. Arnault and Mr. Niel may not be as insignificant as has been claimed, but on the contrary, they may be decisive, we insist on this word, politically decisive, and that they may have been masked from the general public for a reason. And that when they were not masked, they would have been made insignificant, secondary, suffocated for the same reason.

Let us recall the methods of building the fortune of Mr. Arnault, who has become the richest among us: it is thanks to a scandalous operation carried out at the expense of the State, the purchase of Boussac carried out by the grace of a political favour granted to him by a certain Laurent Fabius in the eighties, that Mr. Arnault was able to build his empire, become a billionaire, buy back media by shoveling it up and, having become France's first fortune, befriended Presidents of the Republic who decided to reduce his tax burden to allow his children to bequeath an undisguised power - a President who would not hesitate, once elected, to affirm that tax fraud attempts were only optimization, and that there were "good reasons" to go into tax-execution in Belgium.

That is where we are now.

It is precisely through his link with politics, which has generously mobilized the State's resources to subsidize companies, that Mr. Arnault would claim to have saved them after literally seeing them offered to him and having dismantled them - would claim to have a social policy that he would betray - that this oligarch has made his fortune. It was indeed through friendships and other connivance then considered harmless, with Mr. Fabius very specifically, that this Mr. Arnault became what he is, to the detriment of an entire country. But above all, we will recall that if the assets that founded his fortune were sold off by a desperate power, it was not to avoid bankruptcy and redundancies - since, in fact, these redundancies would occur - but because this power was in search of support to maintain itself in office and counter the inexorable return of the right from 1983, and sought to build a network of financiers and media relays capable of building a system that would crush the public space and thus make people forget the treason of their campaign promises. Let them do it chronologically in that order, to keep themselves in power. To deflect democracy.

And we are beginning to understand how all this can affect us much more seriously than we might have thought.

The link between petty and grand corruption, between petty and grand politics - between a CICE created by a Mr Macron who is still Secretary General of the Elysée, a system that cost the State several tens of billions of euros and whose first beneficiary would be the Carrefour group, we still find it there - and the exuberant support that these same large companies would grant it in return - is beginning to take shape.

And we understand that there is therefore, in these matters of friendship that might seem insignificant, something that directly affects the integrity of our regime, and in the complacency that journalists have shown towards these powerful people that is beginning to be a matter of crime.

The principle of a representative democracy is to establish intermediaries to represent the people and society and to control the action of the State and our governments. Journalists in the first instance are responsible for ensuring that our representatives do not use power for their own interests. If they do not, the very meaning of our system collapses, and our democracy becomes formal - where it was real. What sense would it make in an election where we would have to vote blindly, unable to know anything about the actors to whom we would be presented, the interests that propelled them?

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But let us continue our trial, because we are not done with our revelations. Just as you don't become a billionaire for no reason, you don't become president just anyhow. This is obvious. The exceptionality of the function of leading a country too often leads us to believe that it would be the result of the exceptionality of the person who took it on. However, some mechanisms of cooptation and corruption play much more strongly than the qualities that are believed to be intrinsic and necessary for the leadership of peoples. And Xavier Niel, who has decided - like Bernard Arnault¹⁰ - to invest his fortune in the media and to feed his networks, knows this well. We don't associate with Mimi Marchand for no reason.

Of course, the naive being might think so. It must then be redirected once again to the book we were quoting, *Mimi*, which reveals in Mr. Endeweld's later book that Xavier Niel, before proposing to the "Macron" to cooperate with Michèle Marchand, had offered to use his "networks" to try to verify and possibly silence information.

We are talking about the largest holder of press titles in the country. The same one who got his hands on *Le Monde* and a

¹⁰ Let us remember at this point that we are the owner not only of the world's largest luxury conglomerate, capable by their advertising power of killing a media if they so choose, but also directly of France's most important media, the *Parisian*, and of our country's only economic daily newspaper, *Les Echos*, after having completed *La Tribune*, its competitor.

few other newspapers, while pretending never to interfere in their content. We are talking about the future President and the future First Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Macron, who accepted this service, and by the same token, already, accepted to enslave themselves to a third party who became all-powerful to them, becoming indebted to a fact that they could at any time reuse, forever binding themselves to their ability to blackmail them.

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Why is this so important? Because it allows us to understand how Mr Niel operates, who claims never to interfere in the content produced by *his* newspapers - something that Mr Dassault, owner of the *Figaro* after his father's takeover of Robert Hersant's group, does not even bother to do. We know what agreements he made with another politician, Mr Valls, during this period *via* his father and before; neither Mr Lagardère, nor Mr Arnault. This could seem better to us, it is in fact worse, because it maintains an illusion that journalists are shouting to defend against all evidence, that of a free will that would be preserved by all this, and that we must absolutely get rid of, an illusion on which Mediapart would play a major role, by publishing a real-false major investigation into Mr. Niel who would make pschit, before losing interest forever; an illusion on which *Le Monde* would try to play in its turn by publishing a major investigation on Mr. Kretinsky when the latter bought back the shares of another small oligarch, Mathieu Pigasse; pretending to believe that this was what, through these buybacks, Mr. Niel and Mr. Kretinsky were trying to avoid; blind to the much greater political influence they were actually trying to buy, which was well worth the small inconvenience.

This is much worse, because what is the point of intervening directly on the content, when you can rely on henchmen like Michèle Marchand, invisible until the book of September 2018? What is the point, when we know that we can indirectly intervene in the production of information through a

henchman, Louis Dreyfus, who for a time was both Director General of *Le Monde*, de *l'Obs* and des *Inrockuptibles*, excuse the fact that he is in charge, in all these newspapers, of recruiting and dismissing, promoting and putting to one side all the journalists of the most prestigious editorial offices in Paris, where all the journalists in France dream of being recruited?

Xavier Niel never censors an article. What is the point, when it is possible to have him censored - by Michèle Marchand's mafia networks, by Mr. Dreyfus' pressures or fears of pressure, by the self-censorship of all those he has carefully, with his oligarchic, precarious and pressurized comrades? Why take the risk of appearing when it is enough to instruct one or the other to dismiss and recruit journalists who would have the pain or misfortune to please or displease her; to ask Mrs Marchand to make this or that information disappear, or to discredit this or that opponent, without anyone being able to guess that it was on her instruction that her henchmen would act to intimidate, destroy or pillage; and, by playing on the precariousness of a weak and servile profession, kept at bay by its cowardice, but above all by the accumulation of capitalist concentrations, social plans and ever-increasing wage pressures, to ensure that no one would take the risk of opposing it too much? What is the point, when all he had to do was buy the country's most important press titles to place himself at the top of the food chain and ensure that no ambitious person would ever *seriously* attack him, where in any healthy society, Mr. Niel like any other oligarch would have been perceived as a war trophy for any journalist seeking to make a name for himself?

What is the point, when the most important thing is to be able to, to have lunch at lunch allowed by the influence one lends him, to influence the hierarchies of the regime, but also to suggest in return to the henchman the interest he would have to take in such a politician or leader, a suggestion which will be conveyed to the editor, which in turn, and so on - the air of

nothing, each one wilfully ignoring who this apparently innocent interest could serve - until finally reaching the journalist from whom an article will be commissioned, himself kept in ignorance of the mechanisms that gave rise to this interest, as happened for M. Macron, instructs the latter to then reward his beloved protector as necessary?

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We pretend to discover all this, but it's a figure of speech. Because the omnipotence of his shortcomings, and if Xavier Niel announced to me in person as early as January 2014, when Emmanuel Macron was only Deputy Secretary General of the Elysée and unknown to the general public, that he would become President of the Republic, then one can imagine that I was not the only one to be made aware of it. And that it would have been in the best interest, from that moment on, to make this known, to prevent any conflict of interest, and to understand where all the marks of esteem that would cover the intriguer concerned came from.

Where the very foundation of our democratic system has been reached, the press is content to identify links of corruption or denounce erroneous tax strategies. No one seems to be troubled by the fact that it is still said that Mr. Niel, the Arnault family and the Macrons met for the first time six months after Mr. Niel told me that his friend Emmanuel Macron would become President of the Republic, and that they would have done so - to top it off - at a dinner in New York or Los Angeles, information that everyone, without ever having checked it, has been relaying since Mr Bourdin forced journalists to pretend to be interested in these subjects, as if, for the better, to suffocate them.

No one is trying, on all this, when for the first time, a power has been established in a gross and obvious oligarchy, to really investigate.

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Are you saturated? And yet, that's not all! And this is only the beginning. Because Xavier Niel's putative stepfather, Bernard Arnault, who took the luxury of recruiting the all-powerful former director of the country's secret services, Bernard Squarcini, from LVMH to become his "Mr. Security" - the same Mr. Squarcini, who continues to call his former subordinates to ask them for information on this or that person, and who, for this reason, is about to be sentenced, because the judges of the siege are perhaps the last body of "elite" civil servants not to have been absorbed by the oligarchy - Bernard Arnault, therefore, has put his security apparatus at the service of the candidate Macron to complete the protection offered him by the media, *via* his son-in-law Xavier Niel, Michèle Marchand. This is certainly more interesting than knowing that LVMH is dressing Brigitte Macron - with good grace - but strangely enough, it is the second information and not the first that is constantly being told - without anyone finding anything to be outraged about it.

However, questioning and denouncing the fact that our first lady has turned into a moving advertising brand for LVMH and LVMH exclusively, abusing her functions in this way, creating an obvious conflict of interest, could be a first step. A first step that would have made it possible to go back to Mr. Squarcini's dirty work, but perhaps beyond. Which would have led to the questioning, and therefore to the discovery, that Mr. Arnault actually knew Brigitte Macron well before Xavier Niel, whom he actually introduced Mr. Macron to Xavier Niel, by the grace of Brigitte Macron who had made herself the teacher of her children within the very selective and closed private high school Franklin, temple of the oligarchy where the heirs of the country's elite are formed; and that it is in fact Bernard Arnault, *via* Delphine Arnault, and not the insignificant Pascal Houzelot, as claimed in the book *Mimi* - who made himself known Xavier Niel and Emmanuel Macron first. And it is therefore understandable

that not only are our joyful media pram drivers not content to hide information, but they also playfully relay false information to hide the networks, compromises and conflicts of interest they claim to expose and control.

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So it was discovered in passing that the selfless and generous Brigitte Macron, admired by all the French since the drug trafficker Mimi Marchand became her best friend and was made an ideal first lady by two oligarchs, Brigitte Macron, muse of the common good, taught not in a public school, not in a difficult school, not in a place where her commitment would be to be valued, but in one of the most affluent high schools in Paris, chosen voluntarily and where she took advantage of her position to bind herself to France's main fortune and present it to her ambitious husband - who was then said to be unsatisfied and grieved - to ensure that the latter would be put on the stirrup and would easily be propelled by it.

Now we are really starting to get dizzy. The young man with his sharp eyes, a white dove ready to sacrifice himself for France, who came from nothing to take the whole thing, introduced to the people who would have immediately dubbed him, had in fact, even before he was minister or deputy secretary general of the Elysée, as a support and friend not only the oligarch Xavier Niel, but also the leading financial power in France, in addition to the Rothschild bank and its networks, that it would obtain by betraying the General Inspectorate of Finance - itself richly endowed with networks as the betrayals of the body have ended up making it a sieve and a source of recurrent compromises for the State rather than a control body of the latter -, in addition to the Amiens bourgeoisie, in addition to those of Jean-Pierre Jouyet whom we are about to expose, and this even though it was organically, publicly "nothing". And it is recalled that the press held by these individuals would present him, *years later*, by chance and in complete journalistic independence, as coming from the void, pure product of genius

and merit, gifted with qualities and a mystical aura capable of bewitching the plebe by his intelligence and talent alone. And that no journalist, until now, would seriously denounce the communication operation that had been imposed on them.

The imposture that had been imposed on the French.

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This man, however, who had already become a millionaire before the age of thirty thanks to the sale of the networks offered to him by the Republic to a private bank, would instead be presented to us as the paragon of liberal democracy, of our republican meritocracy, of a cleaned system.

It is difficult not to draw the following question from it, so overwhelming are the facts: would this man whose entire journey exhale the service of the self have in fact only been a puppet at the service of those whose program he has applied, to the letter, using his invented titles and qualities - it is even claimed, for lack of talents on which to base himself, a recognized philosopher¹¹ and renowned pianist? - to cover this well-oiled operation?

In any case, we are beginning to understand the reasons for this surprising gap between our feelings - we who have accumulated the same titles and followed, roughly speaking, the same path, and who could not therefore be impressed by the surface that was presented, forced to try to perceive its background and never find it, resistant to all the symbolic intimidation mechanisms put in place by the oligarchs we are talking about, since we are aware of their manufacturing methods, we are in fact only existing and have legitimacy in that we have been instituted to control the unworthy uses of the titles and functions we share with Mr. Macron, avoid that beings come to betray all this to serve themselves or their interests. We are beginning to understand this feeling that, as early as 2013, had

11 A "perfect" philosopher, since he had never published anything, and could therefore not be judged as such.

embraced us in the face of an individual whose appearance of insignificance was such that she questioned her ability to incarnate, in the face of the hollow mediocrity of her speeches, the facticity of the structures that supported her - let us remember these "members" who were only subscribers to email messages -, this being who was satisfied for months, surfing on the notoriety manufactured by Niel, Arnault, Lagardère and Marchand, not to present a program, and who had a record that they would nevertheless try to present us as revolutionary, charging us to enthuse at the idea that the being of genius had allowed the creation of new dangerous and polluting bus lines. The astonishment at the excitement he aroused, and at the precarious popularity that suddenly surrounded him. We are beginning to understand yes, that something has been done, and that yes, all the vectors that, in a healthy society, serve to control intrigues and ensure that our control mechanisms work, had been infiltrated and subverted until they burst.

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And we start to get outraged. Because all this is only discovered more than a year after the presidential election, and even then, is it only partially known, and perhaps we would never have learned it, and even then, we find ourselves having to put all this, ourselves, into narrative, and why do we find ourselves having to do this? Because one of the journalists who committed the best investigation of the moment on Macron, *Mimi*, who, let us recall, contains only a few pages on the latter, was employed by the said Bernard Arnault and could only reveal part of the information we are presenting, as he could not do with regard to the other interested party, a certain Lagardère, Arnaud. That the few others who have in the meantime put their independence above any career issue have since been crushed. And that the powerful members of the profession, such as Madame Bacqué, who had nothing to fear, preferred for months and years to remain silent in the face of the implementation of

all these compromises, making themselves the factual accomplices, too busy adulating this novel character who made them the wrong actor with a deep look, until implicitly supporting him.

Now, maybe it's time to get everyone to shake.

For if the mirage fades, it comes as this coterie, this small band that at the lower scale makes itself short scale to enslave itself to its powerful and thus ensure its position, rendering a series of services and devices whose scope could not be detailed here so immense is it, and whose consequences are translated into legislative and regulatory measures impacting the whole country, links so intimate that they provoke marriages and separations, all with the sole objective of serving and serving themselves, this coterie has already accumulated such power that, even by exposing them, dethroning them democratically would appear in the impossible state. That even if Mr. Macron were to leave, we would still have such a power apparatus that he could only call for revolution.

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We are shaking, because the simple fact of making this information known, of showing the collusion that led to the constitution of one of the most rapacious powers in the history of the Fifth Republic, seems impossible to lead. How can we let people know that billions are being stolen from them every year as a result of various compromises that have led them to be perfectly deceived? "Friendships", which use the Republic to serve, promote and short-scale its own people, rather than protect them? How can this accumulation of facts - for many people, but which are not completed and exposed in their entirety, be discarded politically?

Where to do it, how to make it known? Which media organization could welcome him, including to contradict him? *Liberation*, *L'Express* or *BFM TV*? That is to say, the media

owned by Patrick Drahi, whose empire was consolidated with the help of Emmanuel Macron, Drahi who thanked him by placing at his disposal his right hand and *de facto* director of his media, Bernard Mourad,¹² during the presidential campaign, after this Bernard Mourad had, on Mr. Drahi's orders, "suggested" Unes about Mr. Macron, during the editorial boards of these media in which, against all logic, he participated? To *Obs*, to the *World*, to *Télérama*, to *Mediapart*, to the ten other media in which Xavier Niel has invested? In *Le Figaro*, at Olivier Dassault's house, where it is to be hoped that a journalist will find the courage to attack collusion between the media and billionaires, after his father's empire has been built on this?

Let's laugh yellow, and think rather of the public TV or radio stations, whose directors are appointed by the political authorities - indirectly, of course, in these cases, we like to remain modest, even if they end up appointing, as in Radio-France, a fellow promoter - and whose one of the pillars of information we have just shown compromises the integrity of the group to serve its friend president and take revenge on its president - where never has the most brilliant of its researchers, Elise Lucet, attacked these subjects. The *Parisian* or *Les Echos*, Bernard Arnault, *Vanity Fair*, which publishes order articles and would sink immediately if he stopped financing it?

At *Canal +* or at *C8*, at Vincent Bolloré's, to whom Macron entrusted his communication when he was Minister of Economy *via* Havas - before Hanouna, the group's capitalist pillar, became the best relay, regularly inviting him to communicate by telephone during his shows? At TF1 or TMC, at Martin Bouygues, -there again compromised to the nails and dependent on the state order? At the *JDDD*? Where Gattegno

¹² Subsequently appointed and thus patron of *Bank of America* France, which would miraculously be given the management of the privatization of Aéroports de Paris by the government. Before his appointment to Emmanuel Macron, director of the press division of Patrick Drahi's group, and therefore *de facto* director of the *Express* and *Libération*, he was appointed by Patrick Drahi at the suggestion of François Hollande, presented to him by Emmanuel Macron via Bernard Mourad, in order to obtain the "benevolent neutrality" of the State in its acquisition of SFR.

showed all his ability to serve those who pleased his owner, a certain... Arnaud Lagardère!

We tremble because suddenly we start to feel strangely lonely and strangely surrounded, provided that we do not serve any interest, or any relay that could one day be mobilized by one of them. What appeared to be a pluralistic landscape, full of courageous and independent journalists, or at least enough to compete with each other and thus avoid too many systemic compromises, appears only as a putrid space where fear and uncertainty, asymmetry reign to crush any dictionary of information that would not serve one of the devices of power in place, reducing our public space so as to allow it to relay only those that forbid any global understanding of the system in question.

Because it must be admitted: in all these places, we can scare away the truth. Thus Mr. Arnault's rival, Mr. Pinault, had the good leaves of the book published at *Le Point*, the first one's protégé, some time after Raphaëlle Bacqué published a complimentary portrait - not to say transi - of the latter. But in none of these places can we really expose the compromises that everyone, in one way or another, continues to make. So even in *Le Monde*, where Ariane Chemin can afford the luxury of revealing the Benalla affair, we end up appointing a journalist without any experience on these subjects, Virginie Malingre to cover the Elysée, the same one who had been appointed by Louis Dreyfus to the head of the economy department on Xavier Niel's instructions, to make sure that he would exhaust himself without ever revealing anything.

We will be told that we are exaggerating. There are many radios. Since the public service has the problems we know, perhaps *Europe 1*? Lagardère, again! *RMC*? Alain Weil, that is, for some years now Patrick Drahi, Alain Weil who is also, as we will show, *via* his sister, intimate with Macronia. *RTL*, which belongs to *M6*, one of Mediawan's main partners, Xavier Niel's audiovisual investment fund? All right. Let us say

that this could be done, following a contact that would still have to be established, provided that none of the leaders are afraid to expose themselves to the eyes of their peers thus denounced. And then the big question: who would talk about it, and finally launch the great debate that we are still waiting for on these issues?

After having gone through the whole French media space in thoughts, having pulled their hair out, we think of publishers. Since a chronicle would immediately disappear, swallowed up in the mess of information produced on a daily basis, a book would at least provide an update on the situation. *Fayard*? But *Fayard* was bought by Hachette, that is to say by Arnaud Lagardère, *effectively* led by the same Ramzy Khiroun who intervened to protect Mimi Marchand in Paris Match, and whose number 2 is the wife of the President's "great friend", the famous Bernard Mourad ! *Stifle*? Under the appearance of differences, the same owner, the same hierarchy, and we now understand why the book attributed to Marchand what Mr. Khiroun was doing, it is said in passing, but we must measure what lack of integrity means. *Gallimard*? They have just censored Annie Lebrun, the historical author of the house, for criticizing LVMH in her latest book on fashion. Any link with Bernard Arnault's recent acquisition of a stake in the company would not have anything to do with it. For a moment, to avoid cathartic laughter or atony, we try to say to ourselves that at all times... but not, like most of our media, for a long time, the house was independent, and never before had such a concentration been seen! Because let's keep going! *Flammarion*? Bought by *Gallimard* a few years ago! Actes Sud, by Françoise Nyssen? Let's laugh, always yellow, with a laugh that is always less laughing. But there are still many independent publishers. The Threshold, The Discovery, The Factory, maybe. Certainly, certainly. But with which distributors, and what means of distribution? The same ones who under the control of the first...? And here again, what ability to signify oneself?

Let's get back to the press. *Le Point* then. But *Le Point* is owned by Artemis, François Henri-Pinault's holding company! And then would we be told? Isn't he Bernard Arnault's enemy? Wouldn't we have something to gain by participating in these games of...? Let's laugh, and let's let a few lines go on to explain why, again... Loneliness is increasing.

And again. Who would still take the legal risk of all this when the legal apparatus concerning defamation is set up in such a way that the disproportion of protective measures with regard to the powerful is only marginally taken? Didn't we see that this book, which nevertheless preserved so many of them, *Mimi*, failed to be exhibited here and there?

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Let's stop thinking about all this for now, and move on. For it has since been discovered that these cases did not stop there, and that Alexandre Benalla was Michèle Marchand's unofficial point of entry into the Elysée. -there, the breath is held back. Benalla, the same Alexander Benalla who, introduced into Macronia by a defrocked LR apparatchik, a certain Sébastien Lecornu, in addition to hitting citizens in his spare time, had tried to set up a Praetorian guard at the Elysée, i.e. to recruit people freed from any police and military hierarchy - a trick authorized by the existence of a citizen reserve whose numbers would have been diverted to the Elysée - to "defend" Emmanuel Macron and emancipate himself from the few counterpowers that still exist. We will be told, stop there! You go from rooster to donkey. Wait and see what happens. Relying on the gendarmerie's reserve, Alexandre Benalla had in fact ordered the return of civilians to the Elysée security service, who would have had the protection of the gendarmes and police officers mobilized in this house from which the orders that make and break the careers of all the country's civil servants emanate. The thing is frightening: by a training period of a few weeks, it would have been possible to integrate into the heart of the most heinous of beings, without any hierarchical control other than

that decided by the politician, to place him at the service of a single man, and give him *de facto* authority over all the republican forces of order in this country. Let us repeat: before Mr. Benalla, Mrs. Marchand's transmission belt to the Elysée, who was in charge, for example, of passing on to Mr. Emelien the videos of May 1 stolen from the Paris Prefecture so that he in turn could have them broadcast on social networks, decided to hit and arrest citizens in the street to fuel a climate of fear and violence in the country - that was not said, it could have been so worrying - Mr. Benalla. Macron sought to give himself the opportunity to bring in people he had personally chosen into his own police force, and to put them in a position to subordinate all the country's security services. Why would he do that? Only those who laughed at our strange parallels mentioned earlier will fail to understand why one leads to the other, out of all proportion.

And that's where we touch on the other vector of Emmanuel Macron's presidency, and we connect all of that. Because it is all very well to build a notoriety, to be propelled by an alliance of interests. We still have to build its legitimacy. To impose ourselves on this state that has been looted without being used, to find the incentives and relays that will allow us to act with authority. The beast is not easily tamed, and if Macron was chosen, it was because we saw in him a profile that could impose itself. But that was not enough. At the same time as it was introduced to the people, its face had to be polished, surrounded and made sure that it would be sufficiently armed once in power.

The one who allowed him not only to take power, but to consolidate it, not only to take over the nation, but to control its state, this being, who was delighted with the crib and probably unconscious of whom he was serving at that moment, was Jean-Pierre Jouyet. And who leads us there? A certain Ludovic Chaker, invisible sidekick of Alexandre Benalla who organized the recruitment of Alexandre Benalla,

first Secretary General of *En Marche*, since then located at the heart of the Elysée's anti-terrorist system, and whose mission was to lead the same project as his colleague with the armed forces.

However, Ludovic Chaker, a civilian who has been propelled into the heart of State secrecy, entitled to know all the details, and therefore having to know and make known everything there is to say about anyone who could threaten Mr Macron's interests - Mr Benalla's brain drain in short - using a certain Mimi Marchand for this purpose, is not just anyone. It is the entry point into the military apparatus of¹³ Ismaël Emelien, the closest adviser to Emmanuel Macron whom he met at SciencesPo, and who at the Elysée was responsible for transmitting all the information that might be of interest to him and then ordering the dirty work he might need by having it published by the press in a sufficiently discreet manner that the Special Advisor would never find himself involved, doing all this without having to answer to any military hierarchy as is normally the case in these cases.

So, for reasons of low politics as we will imagine, Mr. Macron who designs a structure at the Elysée to feed the various rogue networks that have supported him with information to discredit opponents or protect themselves. The scheme was revealed when it was learned that Mr. Benalla had transmitted the video surveillance images of the demonstration of 1 May 2018 to Mr. Emelien, and that Mr. Emelien had subsequently had them broadcast on social networks through anonymous accounts. On other occasions, it would be Miss Merchant and official vectors who would be mobilized. This time, the information from the police and non-military hierarchy was indeed Mr. Benalla and not Mr. Chaker.

Mr. Chaker is not a statesman, not even a civil servant, and did not appear on any organizational chart until the Benalla case

¹³ A unique fact in the Fifth Republic: never before had a civilian been integrated into the particular Chief of Staff of the Presidency of the Republic.

exposed him to the public. This is for one and only reason: to protect Mr. Emelien from any repercussions, to create an additional interface that would allow him to clear his customs. Like many individuals projected far from their environment without any particular skills, Mr. Chaker has the particularity of being highly loyal, which he doubles with incessant speed. These men are always useful for power. Having only served the DGSE for a few years before being ousted, he found himself there only by grace and therefore for the service of his master. But the reason we talk about it is because the way he got there says more than the cards he tried to play. Because his promotion to Emmanuel Macron, and that is what interests us, shortly before the presidential campaign and then at the Elysée, reveals the deep entanglement of the then candidate with another part of the country's oligarchy: the one that ensures that the interests of the powerful will be relayed within the state machine. It shows both the extent of the influences that apply to the Macron Presidency, the endogamy of our elite, but also the poverty of a system of cooptation within this power that allows, through nepotism and services rendered, to maintain privileges that protect some, stagger public action and take away its means.

Finally, it reveals to what extent the press has again deliberately blinded itself, glorifying the one who was only the ideal bridge to unify this conjunction of interests.

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It is not enough to surround oneself with powerful people who are looking for proxy holders, which already requires some qualities, including a sufficiently immaculate profile among the general public, requiring in particular not to have compromised oneself too visibly, to become President of the Republic: it is also necessary to know how to surround oneself with an army of faithful, faithful enough to remain silent, but also integrated into the system, knowing the workings and capable of setting in

motion the projects of these powerful people; charged in short with a legitimacy of sufficient appearance to guarantee the fidelity of the State apparatus and thus, in a general blindness, to put it at the service of the interests of those who have chosen you. Cynical and interested enough to feed the machine of power without ever betraying or denouncing - which explains the multiplication of expressions of affection that Mr. Macron gave after his departure to Mr. Benalla -, sufficiently well paid and protected to at no time question the foundations of the policy applied, and the spoliations thus carried out; having, in short, enough to gain to sell you their assets and qualities.

However, Mr Macron, who was singularly young and had not taken control of any path of his own enabling him to have built and to be able to claim such loyalty - this is what will also explain his appeal to borrowed baronies, including Mr Macron. Collomb was the most important, and the precariousness of a system that could only collapse - must have artificially constituted this breeding ground, which led him to make some mistakes, such as the recruitment of Mr. Benalla by Mr. Chaker, himself recruited by Mr. Emelien. Propelled, he had to draw from another part of the oligarchy that also had to defend its interests, did not have the means or the relays of the oligarchs we mentioned, but sought to link to them, and benefited from an inscription within the technostructure that would ideally serve Mr. Macron.

The case thus operates both upstream and downstream of Mr. Macron. Ludovic Chaker was the invisible point of contact for a device crowned by a certain Jean-Pierre Jouyet - whose control over the technostructure was the second udder of macronism - and implemented by a certain Ismaël Emelien - who will be in charge of setting in motion, in an often forced cooperation with Mr Séjourné, the mobilization of the former strausskhanian networks¹⁴. Spotted and recruited by Richard Descoings at

14 If Mr Chaker is the *point of contact from below*, Mr Kohler, Secretary General of the Elysée, will be the point of *contact from above*. Chosen by Macron with the consent of Jean-Pierre Jouyet as Chief of Staff upon his arrival in Bercy, the man who was deputy to the second in the Treasury Department before becoming Chief of Staff of Pierre Moscovici - where he will manage the implementation of the CICE decided by Mr Macron -

SciencesPo, a public institution, within a power system partially described by Raphaëlle Bacqué in her book *Richie*, also published by Grasset, he was propelled responsible for Asia, and there he would meet a certain Edith Chabre, who would introduce him to a certain Edouard Philippe and a certain Brigitte Taittinger-Jouyet, heir to one of the most important industrial families in France, recruited at SciencesPo for, from a social gathering dinner in the Petit Paris, to fundraise the SciencesPo coffers, while her husband, Jean-Pierre Jouyet, a powerful treasury director who became the very powerful director of the Inspection des Finances, then the all-powerful secretary general of the Élysée, mobilized his networks to support Emmanuel Macron, sometimes on the edge of legality.

Mr Jouyet met Mr Macron following his departure from the ENA, who saw him being assigned to the same original "body" as Mr Jouyet, a body that the latter would also be in charge of the following year. Intrigued by a young man already supported by beings more powerful than him and showing an unashamed ambition, Mr Jouyet decided to offer him the interim of the all-powerful Inspectorate of Finance, whereas he himself, who had claimed to be a socialist until then and François Hollande's best friend¹⁵ was appointed Secretary of State for European Affairs under Nicolas Sarkozy. It may have been said, but if Emmanuel Macron was offered entry into the office of the then Prime Minister François Fillon during this period, it was through the same person - Jean-Pierre Jouyet - that he would return to the Elysée under François Hollande.¹⁶ This is how things are in little Paris, without regard for the "partisan distinctions" that the people would try to implement, a democratic principle that becomes little matter when it comes to helping each other and

was appointed Secretary General of the Elysée in 2017, where he will become Mr Macron's damned soul.

15 Who had himself given him his place at the financial inspectorate so that he could then give him the short ladder and that he would find it again soon afterwards.

16 The case is even more significant if we add the name of Antoine Gosset-Grainville, who became a lawyer and welcomed Mr Macron when he left the Ministry of the Economy. Far from wanting to create a "startup in education", he found himself ready to embark on a profitable career as an advisor to large multinationals in order to help them win their disputes against the State, obtain privatisation mandates, etc. It is this being who will formally propose the appointment of Mr. Macron to Matignon, which Mr. Macron will owe him by proposing to him the management of the Caisse des dépôts. Mr. Gosset Grainville will refuse to do so in order to keep emoluments literally captured at the expense of the State.

advancing among friends. We are beginning to understand where Macron's "at the same time" was born. The trick that was used to garner an entire population was only the pretext for a fusion of elites hitherto fragmented, a condensation of interests in the service of galloping endogamy where the most naive - or most compromised and comfortably installed journalists in a system they did not want to change - presented a sign of progressivism and modernity.

We must measure the scale of the revolution proposed by Mr. Macron, at a time when the system was collapsing: to guarantee, against inferiority, a permanence of privileges and positions, where the elites had until then waged regular wars, having to enslave themselves to one or the other every five to seven years, being dried up and condemned to each alternation, reduced to periods of shortage, forced to dangerous contortions if they wished to embark on the new power after having served the previous one. Let us now understand the density of the praise that Emmanuel Macron received from this astonished class, in a process inaugurated by Mr. Sarkozy, who knew what he had to compensate for in order to be accepted by those elites who despised him.

But we are rushing, and as we speak, Mr. Jouyet is content to introduce Mr. Macron to his family and his wife - and thereby to one of the greatest financial-republican dynasties of the century - and to the intelligentsia of SciencesPo, including Mr. Descoings is the Director, SciencesPo where Mr. Macron is offered, like any enarque that comes out in the big bodies, to teach a vague course that he will choose of general culture to set foot in, before being offered the direction of the module to complete his salaries and start placing his pawns there. Mr Jouyet, therefore, holding a liberal ideology that was in the interests of his adoptive family, the first to initiate the strategy of crushing democratic processes, which under Sarkozy took the terminology of "openness", and under Macron, "at the same time", and that Mr Jouyet Holland could not contain itself, which, in addition to the introduction by his wife at the dinners

in town, quickly gave the young intriguer the opportunity to place and distribute his fellow strings at the IGF, violating the custom - only the major, who Macron was not, was normally entitled to this privilege - before having him appointed to Bercy after having introduced him to the Elysée via Jacques Attali.

Jacques Attali, for whom Emmanuel Macron had been appointed rapporteur for the eponymous mission by the grace of the same Mr. Jouyet, in order to be introduced to the economic and financial elite of the secondary country - that is, the one who is in the second row, and who depends on or submits himself with great regularity to the fortunes we have mentioned - and to, married from this address book, be recruited at Rothschild, to make a fortune there by mobilizing the contacts that the Attali commission had just assigned him, to prepare without anxiety the same political induction as Mr. Jouyet had just anticipated without knowing it and would authorize it shortly afterwards - all while Mr. Hermand was financing his private life.

Mr. Jouyet, whose wife, Brigitte, in addition to her excellent talents as a matchmaker and heiress, works at SciencesPo a few steps away from a certain Edith Chabre, recruited and appointed director of the law school by Richard Descoings, and of whom it is probably by chance - there too - that she is the wife of Edouard Philippe, deputy and future successor of the mayor of Le Havre whose city, without us understanding if Mr. Jouyet, is the one to whom she is married. Philippe was doing Richard Descoings and his wife Nadia Marik a favour, who had recruited his wife or the other way around or if all this was just a coincidence, would finance the creation and operation of a SciencesPo¹⁷ branch in his city and would later inaugurate a stele in homage to Richard Descoings where I would be invited in the presence of Nadia Marik and probably - my memory is failing, of Ludovic Chaker - Nadia Marik, now widowed by the man who had been in the city the lover of Guillaume Pepy, head of the SNCF and a secondary oligarchic and insurance relay on

¹⁷ The simple development of the premises cost 11 million euros, financed by the region to the tune of 6 million euros, the urban community to the tune of 3.5 million euros and the town hall to the tune of 1.5 million euros.

the left, who became Richard Descoings, very close to Jean-Pierre Jouyet, *through* the love of his life, and by the same token an inoniser in the great world of Laurent Bigorgne, propelled President of the Institut Montaigne after being considered as Richard Descoings' successor - Laurent Bigorgne whose wife would file the first statutes of En Marche at the Préfecture, *En Marche*, domiciled with them, including Ludovic Chaker, as we have seen, would be the first Secretary General, Laurent Bigorgne, in charge of joining the CAC40 in Macronia and putting Mr. Macron l'Institut Montaigne, a theoretically neutral institute that floods the public space with neoliberal analyses that do the business of oligarchs, financing it, as well as vice-president of the *Teach For France* association created by Alain Weil's sister and recovered by Nadia Marik, on the board of directors where Maurice Levy, CEO of Publicis, Emmanuelle Wargon, was a member, then director of lobbying at Danone and Patricia Barbizet, CEO of Artemis - the holding company of François-Henri Pinault, we are beginning to understand why *Le Point* would have been so reluctant to publish us, even if we will refrain at this point from detailing how much it was, without the Pinault family fully understanding it, the relay of power in these waters, which would explain its eviction; Laurent Bigorgne, a right-wing man enthroned by Richard Descoings in the gotha, ex-future successor of Richard Descoings until his death forced the appointment of Frédéric Mion - close to Richard Descoings and godfather of Edouard Philippe and Edith Chabre's children - to hide the dust, having brought to *Teach for France* Maurice Levy, CEO of Publicis and presented as an advisor to Emmanuel Macron during his ministerial period¹⁸; Patricia Barbizet, the most powerful woman in France and close friend of Brigitte Taitinger-Jouyet, and therefore Emmanuelle Wargon, since then appointed Secretary of State of Edouard Philippe after her influential functions at Danone, as the latter had held at Areva, after

18 https://www.challenges.fr/challenges-soir/comment-macron-a-tres-habilement-sature-l-espace-mediatique_414866

being introduced by Nadia Marik to Edith Chabre, and to Edouard Philippe by Edith Chabre.

Edouard Philippe, therefore, unknown to the battalion, having no fact of glory to be attributed to himself since his success in the ENA competition, close by these networks to the Jouyet, whose wife was recruited to do her husband a favour or to do her recruiters a favour, presented to Emmanuel Macron by Jean-Pierre Jouyet *via* their respective wives, became Prime Minister as a result when he was also unknown to the general public the day before, but whose talents would be heavily praised for months, by followers rather than by conspiracy, to justify *a posteriori* what no one understood - journalists cannot stand to expose their ignorance, and prefer, in doubt, to glorify their subjects in order to ensure that they will not be blamed - while Jean-Pierre Jouyet was appointed as one of France's most prestigious embassies in London, to thank him and dismiss him. And to top it all off, to connect all these beautiful people, SciencesPo therefore, used to finance and implement a nepotism system that has nothing to envy the financial oligarchies that would put itself at the service of Mr. Macron in order to allow him to serve the latter, but also his growth, *Teach For France* therefore, a nursery employing Catherine Grenier-Weil, sister of Alain Weil, boss of BFM TV and RMC, affidé à Patrick Drahi et *devenu* proche -là encore d'un certain Emmanuel Macron ; *Teach For France*, which will introduce a certain Jean-Michel Blanquer, former servant of Sarkozy, to Macronia, whom Edouard Philippe would appoint as Minister of Education after Descoings had thought of appointing him as Chief of Staff when he was proposed to become Minister.

Had you ever heard of any of these names before, yet they are the pillars of our country's oligarchic shifts? Were you surprised by their successive appointments to government and elsewhere? That's starting to make sense.

And we ask the question that annoys, that should annoy any of the readers of these "mainstream media" who claim to be exposing the truth: Edouard Philippe was therefore really

introduced to Mr. Macron in between, as we have been so fortunately told and retelled, and has he been propelled Prime Minister because of his merits alone and the political weight we invented overnight, or rather because of his interpersonal skills and his ability to serve and let himself be served, his participation in this poor and rotten endogamy for decades - which allows, through the simple advances allowed by the republican system, to make you gain weight by inertia - as he did, when he passed to Areva when he was already a State Councillor to put his networks of elected officials at the service of the company, when the said company was plunged into a scandal of corruption and Uramin retrocommissions that absolutely had to be stifled in order to save Private Lauvergeon, a scandal that made nearly 3,000 jobs and 1.8 billion euros disappear from the State coffers in unknown destinations, and which has still not, ten years later, led anyone to be in prison? Let's laugh.

In these spaces where people sail from left to right through the centre, indifferent to the votes and satisfied only with an appearance of support for the divisions that cross society to better direct it - we do not laugh when we talk about democracy. And yet, how many we could. To do so, we would have to be aware that, in addition to looting for ourselves, these people are looting for third parties, which is probably not the case. These thoughtless beings would have been aware that they were only the right soldiers of interest, and then these faithful troops of a power that others had propelled and financed might have reacted. The whole of this system is based on a belief: that the economic order we are defending, and which we know is unfair and destructive to society, would be fair enough to allow these compromises and feel comfortable in the looting thus constituted. Macron intervened in these places as the ideal defender of this model, the epitome of the claim to its neutrality, which explains the machinery that was set in motion to encourage the support of the State and the thousands of invisible relays that would support it without saying a word did so with good grace: in any case, it was a matter of exploiting it to

position themselves and prolong these games that threatened to collapse.

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In these areas where we all belong to the same *bodies* - the expression itself says so much - salaries, provided by the State directly or by the looting of the State when the latter can no longer do so, i. e. *via* slippers, are comfortable and constant, making it possible to protect in the event of failure in elections, amounting to six or seven figures, and being completed by the spouse's affairs when the other has to wait and stagnate, the round trips between public and private guarantee, against a few small compromises, ensuring at all times a comfort devoid of content and commitment, the protection of a privileged position. It does not matter that this system has ended up wearing down the public authority to the point of emptying it. That the balladurian period, which was the most violent in this respect, and which only Macron decided to sing, would exhaust both resources and ever fewer senior officials would succeed in establishing themselves there. Jean-Pierre Jouyet, master of all these compromises, held the building until he offered it to Mr. Macron.

This trust is not political or ideological. It is not even Machiavellian: used to the secrecy of the alcoves, it is known that the betrayal of one would expose the compromise of the other, and by ricochet, would cause a complete fall that these beings, who only exist through these compromises, would not be and would not otherwise have done anything with their lives, would not tolerate. How can we think in these circumstances of democratic principles and even the idea of politics, when the State appears above all as a simple tool to reproduce the same, the legacies and positions by stabilizing the nation and allowing its exploitation - this explains the atrocious impression of being washed away that everyone is simply sending us back? In places where people stand and look at each other, co-opting and shaping each other over the years in order to ensure the

preservation of a monopoly on the common good that we prevent ourselves from thinking, Mr. Macron has appeared as an ideal. And, to serve as much as to serve himself, to extend this system while giving credibility to the apparatus he was about to loot, he found himself appointing a prime minister because of these rotten endogamous relationships.

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Where does all this lead us? To Ludovic Chaker who, after having been appointed to SciencesPo to supervise the development of the Asian campus in Le Havre the same year that Mr Philippe became mayor of the city, was the first general secretary of Mr Philippe's party. Macron at the home of Richard Descoings' former future successor, a certain Laurent Bigorgne, was charged by the new president with creating his "Praetorian guard" after having been recruited by Mr. Descoings and having built a bridge between his and Mr. Bigorgne's networks, including Mr. Philippe, and those of Mr. Emelien. Ludovic Chaker, then, Alexandre Benalla's *alter ego*, arrived at the highest level of the state to protect the privacy of all these people and destroy those who would threaten them, intimacy elevated by bourgeois precedence as a sacred value as long as it cannot serve power in one way or another, threatening who would compromise it, feeding power and in turn feeding the press to cover all these networks and their compromises. Ludovic Chaker, therefore, to the obscure role led us there, point of rhetorical junction of all this *via* Ismaël Emelien, the very discreet "special adviser" of Macron, having officiated at Havas where he would meet his wife, still working there while he had his former employer attributed, violating the law, a contract of more than 300,000 euros without tenders on behalf of the Ministry of Economy, *our* Ministry of Economy, to launch Macron's unofficial campaign in *Las Vegas*, as a multi-trip event whose sole objective was to make a mark on the press and make the President known. This operation was built *ex nihilo* thanks to a subterfuge of which *Business France*, a State agency that

allowed all these excesses, deliberately violated the law on its then leader, a certain... Muriel Penicaud.¹⁹

Ismaël Emelien, who, it has not yet been told, meets Emmanuel Macron during a trip to Latin America organized by the Jean-Jaurès Foundation, a foundation financed for no reason by the public authorities, to accompany Laurent Fabius, to whom Mr. Macron first offered himself, before hesitating with Fillon and then offering himself to Mr. Holland on Mr. Jouyet's recommendation. Jean-Jaurès Foundation then headed by Gilles Finchelstein, Director of Studies at Havas, owned by Vincent Bolloré, the agency that received the contracts that his former employee Ismaël Emelien would grant him on behalf of the State once he was appointed adviser to Mr Macron at the Élysée, where Mr Emelien worked in parallel in Havas - after all, a mixture of genres does not exclude another - and which would put itself at Mr Macron's disposal.

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All this is so embarrassing in such a system that the question of the legitimacy of recruitment becomes secondary, as we can see to what extent it is conditioned by networks of allegiance and counter allegiance that remove all autonomy from individuals. If we trace these networks, we could also trace those of editors and newspaper editors who respond to similar logic. Edith Chabre went to an obscure private law school before graduating from SciencesPo Lille, and now she is the director of the all-powerful SciencesPo law school two years after the mayor's office for which her husband works decided to grant SciencesPo significant aid to build its campus. Nadia Marik was at the administrative court, and now she is deputy director of SciencesPo after being recruited by her future spouse who had examined her orally from the ENA, before taking over *Teach For France* with the help of the Parisian gotha to make it with Laurent Bigorgne the meeting point for everything that

¹⁹ Muriel Penicaud, who will be remembered for the form that she would be rewarded by being appointed, against all evidence, Minister of Labour of Emmanuel Macron.

Macronia will defend tomorrow. Ludovic Chaker had an underhanded background, and like Alexander Benalla, he was propelled into the cenacles responsible for supervising and instructing the state secret services. Catherine Grenier-Weil had an obscure career as a research assistant before taking over *Teach for France*, and as for Emmanuelle Wargon, it would be absurd to think that her presence in government had anything to do with her close friendship with Nadia Marik and the Philippe, Laurent Bigorgne or Brigitte Taittinger couple, although her appointment had caused some surprise as the presence of another lobbyist without a political background in the heart of the state began to worry. And we are sticking to horizontal networks, because when Jean-Pierre Jouyet's daughter-in-law is appointed Deputy Director at Quai Branly at 25, it makes as little noise as when the son of Le Drian, a socialist minister who became a Macronian by means that we will still have to expose one day, is appointed to one of the most important positions at Caisse des Dépôts at under 30. Here, sons-in-law and uncles, nephews and grandparents have been passing on the baton for several generations: talent is transmitted by transmutation. Recruitments, loves and alliances are made according to the criteria of fortune and power, making and undoing them under the benevolent gaze of the great fortunes financing them.

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All this, these little people-to-people and city games will have been drawn for us, disguised, masked by a press made complicit in order to make us believe in a popular fable where democratic issues, questions of programme and commitment, and finally the choice of the people finally took precedence in some way. In a system that was in fact hatched by the triumvirate Arnault-Niel-Lagardère, responsible for propelling valiant soldiers selected by Emmanuel Macron, including Mr. Philippe would be the most docile and recommended, thanks in particular to an introduction through Taittinger and Jouyet, a perfect combination of the State aristocracy and the bourgeoisie of the

country seeking in young intriguers the sap allowing their reproduction, the whole ensuring its invisibility, then its confirmation in the form of an *election*, with the benevolent attention of a certain Mimi Marchand and the aforementioned henchmen, we are nevertheless struggling a little to discover where democracy tends to infiltrate. It is now easier to understand why, after a cataclysmic intervention in which this regime was played out, in which Mr Macron announced that he *would ask the* bosses to pay a bonus to their employees, Mr Niel, Mr Drahi, Mr Levy and Mr Richard - the latter having been saved by Mr Macron after being advised dearly by Mr Emelien - would immediately and somewhat pitifully announce their support for the President by proposing an exceptional bonus designed to mask the absurd nature of such a proposal.

Mimi Marchand, whose we discover that after having protected and raised all these beings since they were in danger - through public exposure - of being denounced, has since the summer of 2018 for new clients - there are no contracts in this business, as the book we were talking about reminds us, but of the signatures that can be guessed and the words that escape them in order to avoid any compromise - two young names, Gabriel Attal and Benjamin Griveaux, whose history we are now preparing to tell, this time in time. In these spaces, you don't waste your time.

To complete the picture, it would of course have been necessary, to introduce oneself into the networks of the bourgeoisie of Amiens, the ease and strength of Emmanuel Macron's father, Jean-Michel Macron, Professor of Medicine at the University Hospital of Amiens, but especially of the Trogneux family, whose alliances, even more than financial power, were decisive in accompanying the beginnings of a power that, through the support of local baronnies and in particular those of Messrs Collomb and Le Drian, Patriat and Ferrand, will have compensated for a time for its lack of social support by weaving a network of solidarity and redistribution of rogue prebendes, holding the secondary territories, but

which, not having been instituted by this power, would break up at the first difficulty. Then it should have been described how, based on all this - through Laurent Bigorgne and the Descoings clan, then *Esprit* magazine and the *Terra Nova* think tank, the *Le 1* newspaper financed by millionaire Henry Hermand²⁰ to, as its director Eric Fottorino would publicly admit, support Mr. Macron -, the mobilization of intellectual, political and financial resources around the future President would be organized to "substantiate his power" and make the secondary elites admit his cooptation, while his competitors fell between corruption cases and dumbfounded fratricidal struggles. Each time, the thousand and one shameful compromises aimed at fooling the public through ever less independent journalists, dressing this intertwining of interests aimed at propelling an empty shell in a few months without ever exposing it, despite the obvious compromises of these subelites who are supposed to protect us from it. It would be necessary to tell the story of this Terra Nova symposium organized in Lyon by Marc-Olivier Padis, who would become director of the venerable magazine *Esprit*, which took on such a meeting feel that he had to cancel at the last moment Macron's performance for which it had nevertheless been organized. Finally, it should be shown how all these secondary networks responsible for propaganda for this emerging power in the misunderstanding of the public used State resources to corrupt it, turning ministerial cabinets into machines for collecting funds in the service of an ambition, Ismaël Emelien using State funds not only to award untendered contracts worth several hundred thousand euros to his former employer, Havas - owned by a certain... Bolloré, where his concubine would spend them on Mr. Macron, but also to mobilize the six ministerial advisers in charge of Mr. Macron's communication, comfortably paid by the public authorities to organize events with Mr. Séjourné, then inviting the same guests to fundraising events - making it possible to obtain from 900 people nearly 7 million euros and thus, by formally

20 Who, by funding Emmanuel Macron's private life, would ensure that his foal would never personally compromise himself with one of his protectors and could arrive with the appearance of no corruption at the head of the state.

respecting the legislation, propelling Mr. Macron. They should be described, these Bruno Tertrais, in charge of hastily developing a program to sell the operation to the general public, interviewed following the election by *Le Monde* as independent experts on these same issues to judge Mr. Macron's action...

And finally, we should show how all this has produced a candidate in the service of a few, unable to act autonomously, nor to develop a thought, but only to distribute prebends, and finally: to sell itself to the highest bidder, by detailing in detail all the compromises which, from job distributions to judicial instructions and the granting of negotiation mandates, have allowed this whole system to remain at cost price, while the bloodless people kept away from this information, suffered and saw themselves looted until, exhausted, eventually rebelled.

And how then would they themselves denounce the violence, seek to morally crush those they had previously exploited to the point of breathlessness and devastation.

But that would be to replay a battle lost by democracy. Journalism has long functioned as a balance, taking to the right what the left rejected, and living off this pendulum movement that encourages laziness and connivance. This gave the impression to the most naive of us that we were living in a democracy, despite the absence of a free press, the omnipresence of a system of dependencies that did not have to envy the most honest autocrats except for its ability to regularly alternate political relations, which Mr. Macron ended up devastating.

The thing was simple: until then, in a game that would soon turn into a massacre, each passage to the reason of State²¹ allowed politicians to form their networks of affidados and

²¹ Either directly by using the various police and intelligence services, or indirectly by providing a service to influential oligarchs who reimbursed the thing by revealing this or that element about a competitor.

collect valuable information that was then carefully disseminated to journalists - the *Chained Duck* being the preferred vehicle. While each alliance broken due to frustrated ambition brought to the media system its share of anecdotes that allowed journalists to free themselves punctually from their rights of way and to "work" to finally serve their country, Macron stunned for a while as he emerged from a void that, unifying networks of connivance previously confined to different parties, would paralyze our freedom infantrymen, suddenly forced to start working. Little soldiers and great names in journalism, rare investigators who still remained, whether or not they were subservient to a government, no longer even managed to collect the crumbs that they had been given until then, and to reconstitute a part of a functioning that still claimed to leave the people a role, yet we discover it, perfectly non-existent.

Devastated, and vilified, despised by his comrades when one of his rare heirs dares to assert himself, the independent press living off the direct relationship with the reader, i.e. his sales and therefore the need for commitment, this press of opinion made raging by competition and the need to survive, has for too long given way to a system where vassalage and subsidies have in turn given rise to vanity. Having become the norm, producing devices from Christophe Barbier to Frantz Olivier Gisbert, from *Le Monde Magazine* to *Vanity Fair*, devices that serve to adhere to the most dominant values without questioning anything, overwhelming and consistent with our times, this press has exhausted itself and conformed to the dominant ones.

If Emmanuel Macron's "at the same time" did not allow democratic breathing, it was because it deactivated the active principle, completing the illusion of a republican functioning which, from alternation to alternation, made it possible to give some breathing to populations finally informed of the games that were taking place behind their backs, and capable of weighing themselves down.

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It should come as no surprise that all this will have terrible consequences, when Mr. Macron has decided to condense these networks for the sole purpose of feeding those who established it. And do not be surprised that the only alternative to an ever more authoritarian power is the possibility of its collapse.

Now it remains to project itself, and as Macronia wavers and enters its twilight, to read and decompose in time one of the fungi emerging under the interests of the powerful, to give it no chance to prosper and reproduce the system hitherto established. The emergence of one of these henchmen of the oligarchy - equal in arrogance, conformity and ambition to his elder - a certain Gabriel Attal, companion in the city of Stéphane Séjourné, political adviser to Emmanuel Macron, and already very much introduced into all these networks, by the same functioning that allowed the enthronement of his elders, must be exposed. A twenty-nine year old man whom everyone is already wrong to underestimate, and whose front-line exposure to fight the demands of a revolted people should signal and worry us.

A being to whom, if we believed the formal appearances of this system, we would be prepared to give far too much importance and attention to that which it deserves, but which nevertheless makes it possible not only to understand these systems that we have just revealed, but also to perpetuate them. Let us recall in this regard a fact concerning the one who became, with the same grace as Mr Macron at the time of his election, the youngest Minister of the Fifth Republic: while his relationship - although official, declared to the High Authority for Public Life and contractualized by a PACS - with Emmanuel Macron's political advisor was exposed by us, and that by the same token risked being revealed the solidarity systems of a whole section of Mr Macron's necrotic power. Macron, an underdog

intervened with Gala to have two articles published on this subject deleted. We were then in October 2018, in France, one month after the publication of *Mimi*.

And the being who intervened, still powerful enough to make information disappear, that being had a name.

And that name was Merchant.

What we are about to reveal is therefore the fable of an individual who, born at the heart of the networks described above, was about to become the necessary relay as much as it was hollowed out and obvious, using rotting powers at the very moment when they had shown themselves to be dying. By going back in time and projecting ourselves before the constitution of the power that currently embraces us, this excursion will allow us to understand how these destinies are formed in cradles, what they say about our societies, and how any argument related to a skill or talent, an innateness that from their earliest age would have justified the stellar propulsion that will subsequently be granted to them, cannot be invoked to explain its foundations.

II

¹⁵ October 2018. Gabriel Attal, 29 years old, is appointed by the President of the Republic, without announcement on the doorstep, Secretary of State to the Minister of Education, in charge of youth. On BFMTV, *Le Monde*²² and even more so in *Paris Match*, we are moved by the dazzling career of this young deputy from the Hauts-de-Seine region with a tanned complexion and the appearance of an ideal son-in-law. The general public discovers the face of the man who has just become the youngest minister of the Fifth Republic. If his name, which had been circulating in the pot for several months, remains largely unknown in the country, in the salons and alcoves of Petit Paris, this consecration, prepared long ago, evokes only a rustle of satisfaction. Once again, a pure product of the system has just been softened, astonishing all those who could, in time, have opposed it.



²² Whose flagrant and hollow portrait, written by Alexandre Lemarié, says a lot about the collapse of political journalism in our country. https://www.lemonde.fr/gouvernement-philippe/article/2018/10/16/gabriel-attal-secretaire-d-etat-aupres-de-blancquer_5369998_5129180.html

The case, discreetly conducted, left some traces for those who would show interest. In the summer of 2018, Bruno Jeudy, a favourite columnist of the worldly power, revealed the literary and musical tastes of the illustrious stranger in no less than three successive articles in *Paris Match*, enthroning him in this little elite group of politicians to whom the magazine, and its owner Arnaud Lagardère, offered reverence to make them know the country.²³

The privilege, exorbitant for a boy of his age and background, made some teeth grind in the ruling party, the *Republic in March*, where some began to observe with caution the one who is regularly described as "gummy". Posing in short trousers and white shirt, rosé glass beside his bare feet, confidently fixing the camera on the banks of the Seine, it must be said that Gabriel Attal appears a little too conscious of his power, too confident of an aura that no one until then could guess at him, while many still struggle to understand the springs of a dazzling rise that the media stubbornly attributed to a charisma yet difficult to guess. As Attal opens his heart and kindly discusses his taste for Orelsan, Fort Boyard or his house on the very chic Île-aux-moines - one of those "ghettos for the gotha" where, among other personalities, Daniel Bilalian and Danielle Darrieux meet rich financiers in search of iodine and self - MPs are questioning themselves and starting to get restless. Gabriel Attal is delighted with this *celebrity* induction, which heralds a bright future in the middle of summer.

A few months earlier, the young intriguer made a first noticeable appearance in the morning of *France Inter*. This rare privilege, which allows you to address the entire country, is only available to the most experienced politicians. Supposed to embody the left wing of *La République En Marche*, since he was a member of the Socialist Party, he nevertheless dynamited with morgue and violence the leftist bobos "of his generation who occupied the universities to oppose Parcoursup and attacked with violence the strike of the railway workers, exhuming for

23 <https://www.parismatch.com/Actu/Politique/Gabriel-Attal-J-ai-monte-le-fan-club-d-Orelsan-a-l-Assemblee-1567267> ; <https://www.parismatch.com/Actu/Politique/Gabriel-Attal-Le-jour-ou-je-rencontre-Ingrid-Betancourt-1569221> and <https://www.parismatch.com/Actu/Politique/La-jeune-garde-macroniste-se-ressource-en-Bretagne-et-croise-Jospin-1568893>

this a term of extreme right-wing, the "grèviculture" which would spread France, denouncing their mobilization and more generally that of a country unable to reform itself. Amazing his interlocutors, the new spokesman of *La République en Marche* enthroned at the age of 28 with the general public without any ambiguity, showing that he was not there to be an extra. *Le Monde* may have curled it up in the wake of Laurent Telo's pen and the listeners showed their fury, Gabriel Attal put a layer back on a few weeks later. Taking up the majority's language elements, he defended with aplomb the reform of the Parcoursup in the program *On n'est pas couchés*,²⁴ claiming authorship under the benevolent gaze of Laurent Ruquier and strangled by his guests. His first intervention in the National Assembly, hesitant and coupled with a satisfied smile that he had never stopped trying to repress, came back to the memory of some who reminded him that he had never had to work until he entered politics. Attal, without dismantling himself, disqualified his opponents, rose higher, showing himself capable at an age when one expected sympathy and modesty from this bad faith that the New World had promised to overthrow. Despite virulent reactions, the new gun holder of the presidential party, as if untied of all superego, crowned by this new television celebrity, would not hesitate to bid higher in the following months, until he became the herald of the majority during the Benalla affair, then became the gun holder of the government when the yellow vests would make Emmanuel Macron tremble. But where did such a plumbing and sitting come from that nothing seemed to come to nourish the bottom?

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To tell this story of this ascent without matter - Mr. Attal, as we will see, having never distinguished himself except by his ability to defend the existing order - is to tell the story of one of these co-opting productions that have hollowed out our country. It is about understanding how we came to hate a system that was supposed to represent us, and that ended up defending only its own interests. The being in question is insignificant, like most executives in Macronia. But this insignificance is a matter of substance when it colonizes the State and its institutions.

²⁴ April 21, 2018, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j9gymwVPzd0>

Through the ascent of this individual, he exposes himself and discovers the way the system makes its soldiers.

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Crimes always have their places, and the one where our subject was born is not insignificant. Located in the sixth arrondissement of Paris, the École Alsacienne is directed by a kind right-wing man, Pierre de Panafieu. During the left bank of Franklin - where Brigitte Macron taught -, Sainte-Dominique and the bilingual school, the *Alsatian* is a place of reproduction and propulsion of the heirs of the cultural *intelligentsia* of Paris, to which are added in the course of the promotions some additional ones coming from the political, economic and diplomatic spaces of our country. Under contract with the State, the school has absolute control over the selection processes of its students and faculty, and is not subject to any geographical or economic quotas. In this way, we can reproduce and socialize without fear of contamination.

Unlike many institutions, the objective assumed is that of the "emancipation" of its children. In Paris, competition, without being fierce, is important between these institutions responsible for capturing and propelling the legacies of the country's most beautiful families, and each seeks to find its niche. While provincial cities are most often equipped with one or two reference institutions - La Providence in Amiens, Fermat in Toulouse, etc. - the struggle is more intense in a capital where the number of legacies to be preserved is increasing.

Thus, a few steps from where Mr. Attal went to school, Stanislas claimed a strict discipline nourished by an outdated Catholic tradition, while Notre-Dame-de-Sion claimed the most irrecoverable heirs, taking care of bringing them to a safe harbour, *cahincaha*, in other words, a minimum degree that would not shame society. A little further on, in the West of Paris, Saint Dominique fights fiercely with Saint-Louis de Gonzague and the bilingual, but also across the border with the Charles-de-Gaulle High School in London, to recover the great lines of the financial bourgeoisies and historical nobility, under the watchful eye of Janson-de-Sailly, who succeeded in doing so, along with a few other public high schools, including

Saint-Louis, which highlighted its scientific excellence, in standing up to these places of social reproduction by attracting the brightest of the boys from the 16th arrondissement. Elsewhere, some places, such as the Lycée de la légion de l'honneur, complete an incomplete picture out of necessity.

The Alsatian, inserted in this ecosystem, had to fight to occupy the privileged place it occupies today. It is not only a question of surviving the competition from other private schools, all of which carefully maintain their reputations, enclosing their students with a sense of narrative and outdated traditions to charm parents in search of distinction. But also to resist the solar radiation of Henri IV and Louis-Le-Grand, who, a few blocks from rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs where the Alsatian is located, are insolent to the schools throughout the country, relying on derogatory regulations that are as unfair as they are reassuring, attracting both the best students and teachers in the nation. Finally, there are the less impressive high schools, but which, from Montaigne to Duruy, passing through Lavoisier and Fénelon, know how to offer a few steps away a training of incomparable quality to that of the rest of the country, which the funnel-shaped operation of the National Education system easily guarantees, attracting teachers at the end of their careers to students who master all the codes necessary for success in our school system, starting with a natural affinity for school programmes designed by their peers and for their sole purpose.

Surviving and distinguishing oneself in such an environment is a challenge. The Alsatian succeeded first of all because of its extraordinary location, at the confluence of the fifth, sixth and fourteenth districts. On the peaks of Port-Royal, between the streets of Assas and Notre-Dame des Champs, a few minutes walk from the École normale supérieure, les Sorbonnes et Assas, located in one of the most expensive and peaceful streets in France, the school offers its students a safe and easy to reach environment by various means of transport, surrounded by shops, libraries and various institutions, facing a garden in Luxembourg where it is good to rest. Offering the possibility of doing all its schooling there, from the third year of kindergarten to the final year of high school, the school certainly sinks by the

absence of *prepara*, by the name of these postbaccalaureate classes reserved *de facto* for the wealthiest of the Republic, fed by means doubling those of universities and guaranteeing the heirs of the bourgeoisie if not access to schools - still overfinanced, at least the possibility of extending their studies by two years in an environment outside the world, in order to afford themselves the codes necessary for their full integration into society.

This is a fault that somewhat degrades the reputation of an institution that also has all the assets to dominate these worlds. In these places where we most often never leave the beautiful districts, it is not surprising to hear this or that student say, on the outskirts of high school, that he or she has never known "the suburbs". Although it is not *primus inter pares*, the school nevertheless guarantees 100% success in the general baccalaureate to its students, as well as a large majority of mentions. Knowing that she was unable to compete with the establishments of montagne Sainte-Genève, she preferred to gargle with a humanist and liberal reputation that she perpetuated by cultivating a suffocating self that found its peak at the beginning of 2010, with the suicide by defenestration from the sixth floor of the school, of one of her students. Like all "contract" schools, it finances its teachers through taxes and is content to collect a modest tithes from the parents of pupils, of nearly 2700 euros per year, to organise the living together.

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The selection at the entrance is strict, and genealogies and sponsorships are just as important as academic results. An examination and a study of the file are required from the sixth grade onwards, in order to contain the promotions around two hundred students. Perfectly assumed, cooptation reigns supreme, assigning priority places to anyone who has already attended school. As exclusions and repetitions are rare, they are promptly replaced.

From the sixth grade onwards, a trip is organized to bring together all the classes and create a sense of self that will soon become saturated. First of all, Alsace, of course, is a tribute to the Protestant founders whose culture is praised in this way. But the

myth takes on its full dimension in the fifth grade, with the *Journey to Rome* and its red bobs, which are then extended by the "challenge" sports competitions, in the fourth grade, Florence in the second grade, and finally a self-organized trip in the first grade. In the absence of too high an educational requirement, everything is done to promote as soon as possible a sense of belonging that will allow the forging of indestructible and claimable bonds of solidarity throughout life. Everything is done so that in these places, bad encounters cannot be made, and that everyone knows how to feel indebted and respectful of who has been imposed on them from an early age. Above all, everything is done to ensure that no one can create tension because of their social affiliation, and that any questioning of the existing order can therefore take place. The greatest heirs of France frequent a few rare *bumps in* the eleventh arrondissement, whose class difference can be clearly felt, but which we refuse to stigmatize.

As such, the school, along with some others, plays a fundamental role in the endogamy of our elites and the assurance that their privileges will never be questioned. Differences in fortunes and status do not, of course, prevent the multiplication of castes with different statuses within this microcosm. But here again, however, it is a matter of getting used to distinction and making them natural, in order to encourage the learning of obedience and domination, which will then continue.

While the average number of classes in the classes is six, those who have been in school since the third grade of kindergarten benefit from protection and an undeniable comparative advantage, forming a real solidarity of bodies that extends well beyond the different statuses that childhood and adolescence know how to create. Access to the various groups that have been formed over the years is regulated by a myriad of criteria combining economic resources and the ability to reproduce the aesthetic codes and canons of the time. The canteen, where all the mixes are found, was quickly replaced by the various restaurants in the surrounding area, in this very expensive Latin district where the distinctions were gradually established. At the heart of the reproduction of the

elites, we do not play around with integration processes that will later lead students who have missed the competitions of the grandes écoles to find company in provincials who have *integrated*, waiting for their delay to be caught up by marriages or bridge procedures initially created for the most disadvantaged and now colonized by the same heirs, after a tour by Assas, a foreign faculty or a film school.

Those who have completed all their schooling in this small haven of peace where social diversity is non-existent and the relationship to the virtualized world has, from an early age, an immense comparative advantage over the rest of the population. And this advantage, which is devoid of substance and consists of a mastery of the codes, networks and social habits that govern the Parisian self, they do not hesitate to mobilize it. Princes of a school where hierarchies are constituted by seniority, taking precedence over the new cohorts arriving in sixth grade, and over all those who, isolated, will have to make their way step by step because of an intermediate assignment, at the entrance to the high school or in a transitional class, newcomers have an additional advantage, occupying in their social environment and from their early childhood one of these privileged positions which, through old ties and the accumulation of information on their peers, will guarantee their integration within the gotha.

We will have guessed which category Mr. Attal belonged to.

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If the republican school continues, in a noble and valiant but still less credible way, to put forward the objectivity of its evaluation criteria to claim the equality of its entrants, the social reality remains, to remain modest, more nuanced. Very quickly, like elsewhere, the social, economic and symbolic capital that everyone is supposed to contribute is distributed and shared. From public speaking to the finest knowledge, from large properties to diverse networks, the playground quickly transforms into a huge commercial space where the unconscious and the unsaid reign everywhere, and the

appearance of normality with it. This is the miracle of reproductive devices: masking their exceptionality, and making their participants believe that young age helps in their naivety, that they do not find themselves in any favoured form.

In the only class of 2007, from which Gabriel Attal will come, could be found the granddaughter of Valérie Giscard d'Estaing and daughter of the CEO of Club Med, that of the CEO of Archos, also sister of the soon-to-be boss of Uber France, one of the Seydoux heirs, the siblings of the Godot film producers, the distant heirs of a certain general from Hauteclouque, the great lineages of the de Gallard and Lastours, the daughter of the press owner Bernard Zekri and that of the founder of A.P.C Jean Touitou, the grandson of the "boss of banks", Michel Pébereau, the daughter of the President of the American University of Paris Gerardo Della Paolera and so on. Leading executives of CAC40 companies, lawyers and other senior officials at UNESCO, the son of Henri IV's principal and a small minority of descendants of so-called working artists, professors and intellectual classes completed an environment that was naturally enriched by the surrounding promotions: Olivennes, Bussereau, Breton and other patronymic names of all-powerful ministers and men and women are, like all of them and with the possible exception of Huppert and Scott-Thomas, also present, names to which, in the banality of the inner self, no one pays attention anymore.

It is necessary to conceive what the meritocratic illusion does to mask this extraordinary concentration of wealth and privilege that leaves the classes of other secondary schools equally depopulated, promoting processes of habituation to power, and yet supposed to produce no effect in the future of destiny. A few kilometres away, a school theoretically equipped with the same resources will barely reach fifty percent of success in the general baccalaureate per age group, but teachers and students will have to be led to believe that this gap is due to a difference in ability. We must measure how blind we have found ourselves to believe that there would be in this immense natural violence, and not some expression of an oligarchic

system obsessed with the reproduction of the same and worried about some form of strangeness arising.

The extreme concentration of social, economic and cultural capital in these places creates an environment of unspoken voices, where any explicit consideration of origins is equated with a remark on sexual orientation or religious affiliation, and therefore strictly censored. In the same way as anti-Semitism, homophobia or the expression of any racism, the display of an all too visible class distinction is immediately defeated, in the name of a "living together" aimed at feeding its own myth and creating a bubble isolating it from the rest of the population.

As we have guessed, the lines of demarcation are all the more violent in their underlying nature, and it is easy to exclude those without sufficient economic or cultural capital, while the colours of skins, social and religious origins and life courses show themselves in a singular uniformity. Only here and there, in a few promotions, can we find the adopted son of a big boss of the CAC40 who would depart from the rule, making virtual all the identity debates that go on in the rest of the country, as much the rest of their environment remains protected. The closed vase reinforces the growing homogeneity of the surrounding neighbourhoods, with the school's inner self increasingly adhering to that of a society in the process of Balkanization. At the same time, expressions of re-entered violence, whether suicides or acts of self-destruction, are multiplying, a natural counterpart to the requirement of immaculate appearances, silencing any visibility of a too marked difference.

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We will have understood this, Mr. Attal, who is still called Gabriel in these places, comes from these worlds, and in particular from the nebula which, since kindergarten, has been educated there, and which, within this world, is among the wealthiest. The accumulation of social, economic and symbolic capital that these years of training will offer him will form the fuel for an express ascent that will allow him to be quickly co-opted by political elites in search of infantrymen, without ever having to produce or demonstrate anything, by simple

reproductive effect. In an ultra-hierarchical society, where the elites have a symbolic monopoly based on their control of appearance and visibility, Mr. Attal will naturally be integrated by showing his ability to play codes, to *appear well* and to imitate the bourgeois behaviours that in the rest of society have been unconsciously integrated as being the highest.

Crossing the violence produced by these environments without ever collapsing, having all the resources that the elite can offer its own, Attal will rely for this on the resources mobilized in this ideal environment that will allow it, very young, to face those who, several decades old, sometimes its eldest, yet have a path that it cannot match.

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We must measure the assurance, the certainty of being unique and particular that success offers in a system blinded to its violence and injustice, having put it so far under the bushel that it feeds one of the most rigid and rigid societies without anyone thinking, other than intuitively to challenge it. The ability of these places of conformation to make you believe in your own quality if you adhere to its dogmas is such that it becomes difficult, when you are never confronted with other environments - and everything is organized for this purpose - not to believe in these fables, and not to consider as your own the successes of a system that has only carried you.

Republican ideology is proving harmful in this respect, leading people to believe, through the supposed objectifying universality of the baccalaureate and its competitions, that there would be in individual glory success ²⁵- where the system is content to make you a soldier at its service, a victory over the whole of society - where only competition between well-born people has been organised. The most ferocious statistics showing to what extent national education has become a crushing machine will never be enough to convince those who have been sacred by the system, and *a fortiori* the few who, coming from the most modest backgrounds, will be put forward to demonstrate "that it is possible to get away

25 In this, Gabriel Attal and Edouard Louis - the exact reverse of the latter - form two sides of the same and declining medal of significant collapse for our time and our civilization, each crying out for conformation.

with it", sometimes becoming by ignorance and with renewed fervour the defenders of a system that crushes theirs, but that allowed them to distinguish themselves and distance themselves from the misery that surrounded them - sacrificing for that reason everything that constituted their identity.

Far from the anguish or prevention that the accumulation of privileges sometimes gives rise to in the busiest beings, Gabriel Attal was able to rely on this initial capital to become the unconditional soldier of an order that was nevertheless steeped in injustice and violence, championing the system that crowned him. His appointment, to a Minister of Education whose rancid policies aim to further reinforce the inequalities produced by our national education, after having defended a reform of insignificant violence for a large part of the population's youth, is not the result of any chance - and it would be quite naive to protest the fact that this individual who has never known either the university or the public school has to regulate them today.

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The *naturalness of the* school environment, and the specificities of its social environment, are the subject of constant denial on the part of these entrants, which aims to make natural the mechanisms of social reproduction that have enshrined them, and the violence produced by an economic system where everything is done to protect the most privileged. A place of all the contradictions for a bourgeois left that claims to be attached to the republican idea, but refuses to mix its children with those of the plebe, the Alsatian is perhaps the most epitomous example of the abuses of our system, naturally producing, in addition to great and mediocre conformity, a right-wing thought that ignores itself, convinced of its good right so blinded by its isolation from the rest of society, convinced that it belongs to the camps of progress by defending ideas that do not threaten its interests in any way.

It should therefore come as no surprise that she gave birth to one of the most noticed Macron babies, as she had done some time earlier from a certain Stanislas Guérini.

Let us now focus more specifically on the object of our thinking. Gabriel Attal played a special role in this system. The eldest of a sibling from the lawyer and producer Yves Attal, he very early adopted more usual class behaviour in the great high schools on the right bank, where contempt and class confidence are the system, than in the Alsatian, where we have seen it, propriety prevents any overstatement.

In the Alsatian style, the precariousness of many of the economic heritages, the fruit of rising bourgeois classes or whose objective is to reproduce and settle, most often encourages modesty and prudence, a form of urbanity steeped in values and a "living together" that Attal, from the outset, will vehemently reject. Integrated into the school from kindergarten onwards, it benefits from one of the institution's most important economic assets and from a cultural and social capital that is coupled with the disorders that class defectors sometimes leave their children. His father, who died in 2015, founded his success by becoming part of a system that made business lawyers the rule during the 1980s, to which he lent himself with great joy by founding a firm that led him to handle the estates and affairs of wealthy artists. Nourished by the developments of a milieu that, at the end of the decade, made money king and gave birth to the first cultural dynasties of Paris - through the grace of generous cultural policies inaugurated under the direction of Jack Lang and aimed at giving the Mitterrandie and the left in general new support among the Parisian elites - Yves Attal quickly understood what the diversification of the sources of financing for French cinema could bring him. In a chaotic and mundane career, after having built up an important network through his firm, he thus came closer to the film industry by setting up a certain number of financing for auteur films, before being recruited, for a millionaire salary, by Francis Bouygues, in order to participate in the crazy adventure of Ciby 2000, of which he became at the beginning of the 1990s the vice-president and an ephemeral bureaucratic pillar.

It is necessary to measure the importance as the character, still unknown yesterday, takes on in the Parisian elites. Under the cover of legendary producers such as Daniel Toscan du Plantier, who was supposed to bring a substantial address book, including the director Wim Wenders, to a society that does not hear much about art, Yves Attal, participates in one of the most legendary and quickly failed stories of French cinema: the implementation of a production plan consisting of spending nearly 800 million francs of the time on the most demanding directors and writers. While Martin Bouygues took over the family empire, it was nothing less than Francis Bouygues himself who decided to devote himself body and soul to this company. Surrounded by the continent's finest producers and directors, he is committed to reinventing the production system that is supposed to be a part of Hollywood and provide the continent with a production that will finally match its global ambitions. Everything that touches directly or indirectly on this new godfather of French cinema is immediately dedicated. Leaders from all over Europe are rushing to their leaders to make millions. Vanity reigns supreme in an adventure without frameworks or thought, which marks the mating of the cultural elites of the left bank with one of the capital's greatest lineages in the West and its immense financial heritage, under the benevolent gaze of a declining socialism.

However, the case will quickly turn short. While Attal has just been appointed, the right returns to power and Francis Bouygues, who is ill, gives the keys to the new production structure to Jean-Claude Fleury, the latter takes power and pushes Yves Attal to resign. This one, lacking a real relationship with the industry and its authors, taken by an ambition that ended up consuming it, barely consecrated, finds itself humiliated and forced to rebound, even as it was shooting the day before as close as possible to the new sun of Paris.

This first failure will follow a second, even more painful one, within UGC Images, where Yves Attal thinks he has bounced back by becoming one of the links in charge of setting up the projects led by the legendary English producer Jeremy Thomas. In charge of managing a manna of money flowing freely, the flamboyant bureaucrat without ideas is quickly swept away by the wanderings of success, women, drugs and adrenaline

accompanying jumps and bounces whose meaning he struggles to grasp, until he falls into an addiction to heroin that will never leave him. In a few years, failure set in, this time morose and definitive, and far from the flames of yesteryear, Yves Attal had to face the collapse. The burns born from the contact of a world he did not understand will never disappear. Despite the dazzling economic success, social failure is massive. Gabriel, enrolled at the peak of his father's career at the Alsatian School, will spend his schooling trying to hide the violent torsion inflicted by this path on his family structure, holding his peers and third parties in contempt with rage, treating anyone who threatens him with insignificant violence to protect himself. Traumatized by the dereliction of an inner space where the mother, descendant of one of the most prestigious branches of the Angevin aristocracy that he never ceases to claim, owes herself against all expectations to take over from the father, and to keep alive a union that should have consecrated one of these great alliances between fortune and nobility and that now risks taking away her family, her branch and her children, the son seeks to claim himself.

This makes it possible to understand what will constitute both the singularity and the vulnerability of our immigrant, projected into a world that no longer belongs to him entirely, become heir to a father without a role, himself convinced of his inanity, and having had a royal destiny stolen from him by a paternal authority that, overwhelming by his bitterness and the failure that accompanied him, will make him live a hell where happiness and sovereignty, he considers, should have been granted him.

Singularity and not only vulnerability, because the Alsatian School is an ideal place to escape, even to be propelled, when one holds great financial wealth and one can claim a noble base opening the doors of the greatest rallies, as long as one is ready for a few small deals to concede one's share of capital and mix it.

This is what the young Gabriel will quickly do with the help of his cousin and the aristocratic branch of his family - also

educated here. Claiming his royal origins and links with the greatest Russian aristocracy, surrounding himself very early on with a small court, which would include among its entourages the heirs of the Touitou and Olivennes families, but also more fragile and exposed beings within the Alsatian because they lack the support that others keep demanding, alternating between the great socialities and the crushing of his victims of the moment, seducing the heiress Giscard to the point of being invited into their domain and courting his idol of the moment Valérie, before showing himself proud alongside the Clarins heiresses in front of Victor Duruy's adjoining high school - a place where the elites of the seventh arrondissement reproduce where he does not hesitate to make the foot of the crane - Attal seems to alternate between jubilation and fury, fighting against a world that risks, he believes, expelling him at any time.

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The discomfort pushes to the distinction, and explains why Attal, unlike most of his fellow creatures, will not sink into the most total insignificance once he leaves this maelstrom, and will continue to try to build a destiny for himself. Despite an accumulation of capital such that in any healthy system, beneficial competition and stimulation would have pushed not only the entrants, but also society as a whole, to benefit, the Alsatian encourages comfort and settlement. That cannot be blamed on him for avoiding it.

In a place where politics is everyone's business, and the formation of a judgment a necessity, the debates on the European constitution and the Israeli-Palestinian conflict animate the last classes of secondary school and the first classes of high school. The young Gabriel then said he had a right to claim. The strength of her political and social affirmation contrasts paradoxically with a world in which people pride themselves on taking an interest in the things of the world, but in which the heiress Giscard herself holds distinguished opinions with restraint. Claiming a flamboyant sarkozyism - where everyone despises this pushy man who has none of the codes of their society - the young teenager is already showing

an assumed morgue, gripped by a spirit of serious vindictiveness that he will never give up. Disdain for his fellow creatures is only silenced when he is facing the heir to a large family, whom he then finds himself trying to seduce. In a school where domination is built silently, the being makes a big noise. The urgency of the distinction seems to impose in him the excess, and the over-requesting of a material and social ease that would base his choices surprises in an environment where no one could complain about missing, and therefore would have an interest in trying in this way to distinguish himself.

Like any elite school, the Alsatian is a cruel place for those who do not have the keys. A few *outsiders*, generally recruited for their very good academic record or within a music class designed to attract outside talent, are most often the result of ostracisation campaigns orchestrated by the most integrated. **For** them, whose clothing, name, accent or other small gestures betray the habitus of a differentiated social, cultural or economic origin, are the most obvious exclusionary measures, which will only be resolved at the end of high school. Forming a minority and paradoxical plebs that arouses indifference at best, most often ridicule, and struggles to organize its subsistence by building its own communities, those who tomorrow will have the most interesting destinies are in these lands humiliated when they seek to distinguish themselves, and most often choose a discretion that they are taught to respect. Far from being the place where the heirs of republican meritocracy are welcomed, nor those who have distinguished themselves in fields requiring self-sacrifice and talent, *Scola Alsatica* values above all integration into the existing world. Genius is rare, distinction dominates, and therefore overwhelmingly favours those who are content to behave as heirs of a consistent social reproduction.

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In these schools of power that necessarily rhymes with cruelty, it is not uncommon for significant collateral damage to emerge, revealing the extent of power concentrated in the hands of a few. With other strong heads, Gabriel Attal's sophomore class thus obtains the scalp of no less than three teachers, in a game

of massacre that seems to have no end. Due to a poor mix of students who are dumped there, the year turns into a disaster, pushing the SES teacher to take early retirement, and the substitute teachers of French and biology to be taken out for *burnout*, in an atmosphere of *jouissance* and generalized clamour. *The* accumulation of privileges, the facilities offered by their cultural *background*, the absolute endogamy and the absence of academic issues all contribute to a climate of class war that is impossible for the school itself to manage, as students are too aware of their superiority over their supervisors and teachers. The most fragile of the latter, who, far from noble matters or an established social origin, are only passing through or do not master the codes of an aggressive bourgeoisie, immediately fall into the trap of students supported by those who until then were martyred, and who find in the revolt against the defenders of the order that crushes them an unexpected outlet. The alliance is strange, but it works at full capacity. It also reveals the extent of the misfortunes deprived of students reduced to letting off steam in the school space. Because behind the accumulation of privileges are often hidden situations of extreme family disinheritance, where frantic ambition disintegrates and dehumanizes through forced marches.

The lack of adherence of the school's superstructure to the canons of republican performance weakens even more good pupils and teachers who, if they are chosen by the administration, are not protected, as in Henri IV or elsewhere, by the prestige of their institution, whose preservation justifies control mechanisms that do not exist here. Contrary to what prevails in the major high schools of the montagne Sainte-Geneviève, the Ecole normale supérieure is, for example, a name unknown to everyone, because it does not correspond to any of the expected vectors of legitimization. If SciencesPo, HEC and sometimes Assas or even polytechnic can make students fall in love - so much so that everyone appears to be the guarantor of a successful social reproduction - it is much more by comparing their second homes, the diesel jeans then in fashion or the evenings that are beginning to mix the finest of school with those of the high schools in Western Paris that the discussions are intended.

It's all about social recognition, and nothing goes through the content. In this respect, the school is a perfect preparation for what our society will become, where only individuals selected by their ability to maintain the appearance of domination, its habits and customs, and in no way by their ability to produce any substance, succeed. Demonstrating courage, sacrificing oneself in the name of an idea, even committing oneself are notions in these eccentric places. Rock bands funded by parents and relayed in the media space by their friends, of which the *Second Sex* were at the same time the most successful example - and, by their abysmal mediocrity, most symptomatic - create spectacular counter-hierarchies that allow the school to shine and its entrants to break the impression of belonging to a second-rate space within the Parisian oligarchy, targeting the economic and social capital of the elites on the right bank and the "meritocratic" and cultural monopoly of the major institutions of the 5th arrondissement.

It is hardly surprising that one of the few people to have distinguished herself well in advance in the same promotion as Gabriel Attal is the variety singer Joyce Jonathan, ephemerally propelled into the *charts* thanks to a clever blend of conformity and social foundation that will produce a whole series of less impressive, but equally established, careers for many of her fellow creators.

The business is not ideal for Attal, which must distinguish itself to *survive* and not just be an heir. Embraced by the priority given by the school to "student development" over academic success, which attracts so many parents who want to enrol their children in these places, he struggles to break the *status quo* without ever succeeding, feeding loops of frustration that quickly lead to a bad political discourse. The specificity of an establishment where academic success has become secondary for the heirs of a system where it is sufficient to obtain average results to legitimize social reproduction disturbs this being, who must absolutely distinguish himself in this space, catch up, and seize the social opportunities that are offered to him within the establishment. However, the meritocratic appearance guaranteeing effortless success in a society where the intellectual thing is completely devalued, few or no researchers, great scientists or intellectuals, industrialists and journalists

come out of an institution in charge of installing rather than demanding. Its economic comfort being guaranteed, Attal will choose the policy very early on, and do everything to settle there.

Making its way through these voracious environments, dodging the alcohol and drug dumpsters that appeared in the 4th century on deglingual evenings, Attal thus traced, at the cost of many compromises, a destiny leading to the youngest age at the heart of a very specific government.

Macronia, in need of young executives adhering like the President to the existing system without carrying anything but a more perfect ambition of conformation, was the ideal setting for this young boy who had to do as quickly as possible, and who did not wish to sacrifice anything for this, nor to put in danger a system in which he found himself, *nolens volens*, certainly annoyed but protected.

The fight for fierce integration that allows all blows to the Alsatian prefigures the one that will dominate the small Parisian circles once adulthood is reached. As a playground that has become a place of training, the school has all the features of the powers that await its members in their future and makes it possible to prepare for them with confidence, including in the reproduction of all its shortcomings. We only look at each other and distinguish ourselves there by appearance. Ideal crucible for a media society where the unsubstantiated politics of a deliriously conformist power has imposed itself without any dispute, it will be the venue for all Attal's training. In an era where the affirmation of his sufficiency in a language and behaviour corresponding to the codes of a certain elite is enough without having committed nothing of his life to being elected president before the age of forty, the Alsatian boys having this little thing in addition - in this case, a precarious family member who will mobilize body and soul to push his child to repurchase the failures of his elders - enjoy an irretrievable advantage for whom later on would try to compete with them. -where the students of Henri IV and a few other schools must exhaust themselves to show their talent to

integrate the best grandes écoles, it is enough for the Alsatian to be gallant.

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It still remains to provoke his opportunity, and failing to give content to his ambitions, not to mention commitment, to exploit the opportunities that are offered. For if Attal is one of the most ambitious of a social space where contentment and saturation of privileges dominate, it still needs to stand *out*, and its provocations, which will be so fruitful in the media space, still lack within the small spheres to consecrate it.

So by these mixtures that the unconscious and social determinisms arouse, one of the school's high school girls will strangely attract her attention as her destiny begins to prepare. Alexandra R., Alain Touraine's granddaughter, is above all the daughter of Marisol Touraine, a prominent socialist hierarchical figure. A Trotskyist who despises the school's social traitors and her peers, Alexandra, who will end up at HEC, finds herself relatively isolated in a world whose boundaries she perceives without knowing how to circumvent them, and is fascinated by the attention suddenly given to her by one of her most flamboyant acolytes. Out of the blue, caught in the vice that often forms in very large families - his mother masked his belonging to the great aristocracy by having his particle removed, and his father is one of the most powerful diplomats in the country -; prey to the disorders nourished by families resulting from links between women and men of power, Alexandra gets absorbed by this boy with the ways of a young first who is about to become, like many of his peers, by pure class effect, a good student at the beginning of the baccalauréat. Seduced by her excess and her taste for transgression, which echo the strange rebellion that her rejection by this *establishment* provokes in her, but also by the ease with which she demonstrates in these places where she feels despised, Alexandra lets herself be caught up and introduces her at her request into her family circle, offering her the keys to her future ascension. Attal's right-wing rhetoric lasts, his violent rejection of the connivances he does not hesitate to sing, and which is so far from his own, will soon soften. Alexandra falls

in love with the masks offered to her, and with the apparent ability to be convinced that Attal, in a subtle way, makes her shout.

It is along this path, which mixes happy company, social gatherings and pre-rankings in large properties, that one of these events takes place, which could surprise anyone who does not know these environments. Both in search of ascension Gabriel and Alexandra have the crazy idea of claiming the particles that their parents had decided to hide. By a gesture that does not surprise the school administration as it has become so common in these places, both are asking that their nobility be added to their family name. Thus, to the surprise of his classmates, Gabriel Attal became at the Attal de Couriss high school, during calls made by the teachers, while his classmate became A. R. de M. This evokes some laughter and surprise.

A fan of feats of strength and provocations, seducing Marisol Touraine as he tried to do with Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Attal was immediately authorized to set foot in Ségolène Royal's campaign and brutally abandoned his sarkozystes colours. The one who was vehemently active in favour of the right-wing candidate, who did not stop claiming, from radical Zionism to a refusal of any redistribution through a legitimization of inequalities, a mixture of ultraliberal opinions and classical social conservatism in these places, turns, to everyone's surprise, into a good-tempered socialist.

Mr. Attal de Couriss, who is still only 17 years old and has not lost any of the devastating and cruel insurance that seduces his interlocutors, obtains his high school diploma with ease, leaves without regret the school that has cared for him since childhood and integrates SciencesPo a few steps away, where he will put back in place the system deployed in high school. Adhered to by the "republican meritocracy", endowed with an intelligence that the system has just sanctified, enjoying a feeling of omnipotence that has never made him fail, he is always more in line with his class, investing in great expenses and small distinctions, riding a scooter from his large family apartment in SciencesPo, treating with contempt most of his

fellow citizens whom he considers to be socially inferior, beginning to invite his most privileged peers to his luxurious castle and residence on Île-aux-moines, thus building a network while exchanging gargon on his origins for a²⁶ sudden adherence to progressivism, showing himself indifferent to any idea, finally ready to put himself at the service of a political project that he had until then devoted to gemonies.

It must be said that SciencesPo is an ideal place for anyone coming from one of these high schools that the elite cannot help but consecrate, and who would now seek to be consecrated. In its promotion, no less than twelve students come from the only Henri IV, while the elders of the Alsatian benefit from the privilege granted by the perfect knowledge of the district and a cultural conditioning that directly prepared them for it, making the courses of its first two years completely useless to be completely honest. Even more so, being in a position of overhang compared to the vast majority of their classmates, those who have been admitted benefit from a "social bonus" that attracts to them those of their former high school classmates who, having failed or not even tried the competition, must now think about the measures that will ensure their preservation among the Parisian elites who worry their parents so much.

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So here is Gabriel Attal who can, certainly without success as the companies are run with morgue, present himself to the direction of the SciencesPo section of a PS that he admitted a few months before he hated ferociously - and where he will be confronted with the future head of the list of the European Insubmitted France Manon Aubry - before trying to impose himself through a family friend like the strong man of the Ingrid Betancourt support committees, finding there a resource to build vertical social networks that are perfectly complementary to the social base provided by its integration into SciencesPo.

However, the veneer of commitment attributed to him is not strong enough, as he finds it difficult to hide arrogance and pure

²⁶ Its particle, still present when it was admitted to SciencesPo, will quickly disappear. <https://www.sciences-po.asso.fr/profil/gabriel.attaldecouriss13>

desire to dominate. Moving to Vanves, a few steps from the apartment his parents were financing, he tried to establish himself in the local section of the Socialist Party, organizing a visit of Marisol Touraine, which allowed him to be introduced and endorsed to the Socialist Secretary and opposition town councillor, who would give him his place after their failure in the 2014 elections and enthrone him as his successor to the town council before being brutally betrayed. The²⁷ failure at the municipal level frustrated Attal's ambitions, in a hurry, but he continued to try to get closer to the socialist *intelligentsia*. If his entry into the Betancourt family certainly allowed him to start broadening his political networks, his attempt to join Hervé Marro's wheel, who quickly became a councillor at the Paris City Hall, failed. His presence on the Villacoublay Tarmac during Madame Betancourt's return, in a tear gas event long recounted in *Paris Match* during one of the articles in the summer of 2018, did not bring him anything.

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This is perhaps the most decisive moment in Gabriel Attal's planned ascent, who again, realizing that the thing might not help him, tries to erase his particle.²⁸

The failure to take the PS section of SciencesPo was²⁹ coupled, to his great surprise, with academic difficulties. A fine connoisseur of the self that we learn to understand and dominate at SciencesPo, Attal is so bored that he repeatedly fails to repeat the year. Surrounded like an Alsatian woman, by a court of heirs mixing heirs who were in perdition and ambitious and fascinated, including the daughter of a great Russian oligarch with whom he organized small parties in the sixteenth arrondissement, he had to choose an internship in the third year, having been excluded from the most prestigious universities. With the formalized support, he would claim, of Frédéric Mitterrand, here he is choosing the *villa Médicis*. What will be his only "professional experience" before his recruitment by Marisol Touraine to the most prestigious

27 <http://www.leparisien.fr/espace-premium/hauts-de-seine-92/conseiller-de-marisol-touraine-et-dans-l-opposition-locale-08-04-2014-3749023.php>

28 <https://web.archive.org/web/20171031034047/http://ps-scipo.over-blog.com/article-profession-de-foi-de-gabriel-attal-candidat-a-l-election-de-secretaire-de-section-57039874.html>

29 <http://leplus.nouvelobs.com/contribution/195980-primaire-ps-six-concurrents-nicolas-sarkozy-comme-seul-adversaire.html>

functions of the State and his election as a deputy - an internship, therefore - did not open the doors he hoped for. Gabriel Attal's first confrontation with reality, although at the very least marked out, is a failure. Mitterrand having left for the Ministry of Culture before his arrival, Eric de Chassesey replaced him. The teacher at the teacher training school quickly gets tired of this provocative young man who is unable to work in a team. The wall of reality is harsh: this is the being who ended up believing himself to be brilliant and somewhat helpless when he has to face for the first time a world that is at the very least protected.

The period is tough, and makes Attal guess the difficulties that will await him when he leaves the cocoons where he has been preserved until now. At SciencesPo, competition is essential with other heirs who show an equally important rapacity. He had to redouble his efforts, and here he was enrolled in a law degree at Assas to try to distinguish himself. In places where at no time is it required to prove its worth, the young first is agitated, gives his support to François Hollande during the socialist primaries of 2011, tries again, *via* Marisol Touraine, to approach his campaign team by writing notes for Pierre Moscovici, and tired, again, fails. Nothing seems to be able to distinguish him anymore nor to attract him graces beyond the cocoon where he was raised: the period is one of stagnation, and with stagnation, of the most incarnate anguish. Even the student list in which he participates in order to organize the evenings of SciencesPo, a vehicle for primary integration within the institution, did not receive the expected votes and was the subject of harsh ridicule,³⁰ while his tribute to the late director of SciencesPo on the collaborative platform "Le Plus", claiming in a veiled manner that there was no proximity, did not give anything either. That's starting to worry me.

A miracle, however. A certain Alexandra R. who became de M. managed to make up for her undergraduate delay and failure at Henri IV and joined SciencesPo a year later, allowing her to reconnect with a thread that was threatening to fade away. Having to obtain professional experience before his graduation, Gabriel Attal obtained an internship with... Marisol Touraine. It is January 2012, in the middle of the presidential campaign, and

30 <http://lapeniche.net/election-bde-44-tabula-rasa-des-insatisfaits-pour-mieux-renover/>

she is in charge of the social affairs department, which will revert to Martine Aubry once the government has been formed. What was supposed to be only a second-best thing turns by the greatest of all chance into an unrivalled launch pad. Thanks to a carambola and Martine Aubry's refusal to occupy her ministry, the position was offered to the one whose prestigious relatives - Alain Touraine occupying a crushing position on the second left - and a genre that, in an extremely misogynistic environment and charged for years with this subject, no longer expected it.

In a government without ambitions or ideas, carried by a campaign that has only served to consecrate the most insignificant, this is the one that was best promised to a Secretariat of State, propelled as it was by the new Minister of Social Affairs and Health, a heavyweight endowed with extraordinary resources to implement a long-awaited left-wing policy, and requiring the creation of an environment that, in the absence of competent or committed people, will be able to protect it. Gabriel, who obviously knows nothing about it, has not yet held any professional positions, has no university specialization and has just learned that he will have to repeat his last year at SciencesPo, is being offered to join the office of the largest government department as a full advisor.

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Far away then seem the years when the young boy scattered outrageous and insulting messages on social networks, smelling the far right and the most filthy misogyny, setting fire to the socialist majority in Paris and its leaders. Gabriel Attal, 23 years old, is, through successive proximity effects, suddenly endowed with a salary that propels him among the top 5% of the country, endowed with two secretaries, a gastronomic chef, company cars, and can even afford to make an arrangement with the SciencesPo management to obtain his diploma. The case, theoretically exceptional, allows her to obtain her master's degree the following year without having to repeat, thanks in particular to a validation of her knowledge. Discreet but usual, this type of agreement allows the institution to cover up those

who will have the next day to be in charge of it, and thus to prolong its domination.

Consecrated by the Republic and a Socialist Party acting as an intermediary whose decomposition is already well perceived, through these means, Attal is ready to embrace his destiny.

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Arrogance then took hold of a being who was not lacking in it. Let us repeat, so absurd could it seem, to understand what in his mind may have been imposed: at 23 years of age, without prior professional experience or any diploma to claim, without competence or claimed speciality, Gabriel Attal who is no longer of Couriss reaches one of the most prestigious and important posts in the Republic, and thus obtains a remuneration that will quickly reach six thousand euros per month including bonuses, in addition to the benefits that any regime usually grants to its most illustrious servants. In charge of the least substantial position in the cabinet, relations with parliament, he was supposed to organize the Praetorian guard of the new minister and, in an excess of vanity, immediately recruited one of his classmates, a certain Quentin Lafay, as a chargé de mission. Endowed with authority over one of the most important administrations in France, assistant directors, trainees and mission leaders, socializing with the finest of the Republic, the inexperienced man will come under the authority of a certain Benjamin Griveaux, elected to the General Council of Saône et Loire and future former Mayor of Chalon, "close friend" of a certain Bernard Mourad, and former strausskhanien. Ismaël Emelien's former comrade is a *pure* socialist apparatchik who, recruited as a political adviser and already earning, on state funds, more than 10,000 euros per month, will not hesitate to join Unibail Rodinco from 2014, 17,000 per month, granted by one of these companies dependent on the State's order, which generously finances "slippers" in exchange for making available the networks and knowledge that the State has offered them to serve the common good. Recruited to ensure that a tax niche would not be removed, after a very classic career path that took him from the large residence with swimming pool and sports cars he lived in rue Garibaldi in Chalon-Sur-Saône to HEC via the

private boarding school and SciencesPo, he would then return to "business" as government spokesman after being appointed by Emmanuel Macron, and would claim this position to defend the public interest after having exploited the guarantor.

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On Rue de Ségur, Gabriel Attal quickly feels at ease. Surrounded by people with no ideas or ambitions other than for themselves, he was introduced to a certain Stéphane Séjourné, a young heir to the Versailles bourgeoisie, who had passed through the very chic French high schools in Mexico City and Madrid, then in post in the cabinet of the President of the Socialist Region Jean-Paul Huchon, and who was barely thirty years old when he was about to mobilise the Moscow networks to become Emmanuel Macron's very powerful political adviser.³¹

The case is underway. As socialist power collapsed, these young intriguers had never demonstrated any capacity for thought, idea or commitment, had never been in contact with reality or experienced any difficulty - having in fact shown no particular quality or skill other than that of being authoritarian and scathing - and were preparing to take over and were consecrated in 2017, via the Socialist Party. Griveaux opposes Montebourg, which nevertheless allowed him to obtain a position in Saône-et-Loire thinking he could one day compete with him, and enters via Emelien into the court of one of the rising values of this social-liberalism that does not exist in the population, and yet dominates in the Parisian elites: Emmanuel Macron. Séjourné, who became parliamentary adviser to the new Minister of the Economy, Séjourné, who tried to recruit Pierre Person, became Gabriel Attal's alter-égo. Trained at the University of Poitiers where he met what would form the avant-garde of Macronie - then socialist - these "Young people with Macron" who, from Pierre Person to Aurélien Taché, had already tried to take the MJS without success and who would all become deputies, Séjourné associated Gabriel Attal with their gang and initially tried to support Moscovici. Tired, the

31 "The simple evocation of the name of Séjourné is enough to make any elected member of the majority white or shiver", Le Point, October 12, 2017.

manoeuvre failed, and he, exfiltrated at the European Commission, left them orphans.

This is when the "Macron miracle", made possible by the networks we have described, comes into play, with the support of the financial inspectorate, Jean-Pierre Jouyet and the Niel-Arnault duopoly, in defiance of any democracy. Hollow incarnated with no other trajectory than that of serving his ambition, and ready to deprive the common good in the service of those who could serve it, from the Jesuit high school La Providence which plays a role similar to that of the Alsatian in Amiens, having benefited from the support of an all powerful father and the Trogneux family, Emmanuel Macron, the flamboyant heir to the provincial bourgeoisie, mastering all the workings of the "republican meritocracy" having seduced Hermand as he would Jouyet, saw himself, despite his double failure at the ENS Ulm, also propelled in a few years within the gotha that he managed to convince to support him when all the candidates in the system collapsed, from Fillon to Juppé via Holland, Valls and Sarkozy. Appointed minister by a desperate President even though he had just left the Elysée to create a lobbying firm, Macron had only one ambition - again, to use it, but lacked networks to feed his cabinet. This is the paradox: the propulsion was so fast that there is a lack of trustworthy individuals capable of preparing the next step. A young guard that Séjourné on one side, Thrushes and Emelien on the other, will be able to bring him.

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The ambition without content of the new minister, whose only belief is in the system that constituted him, is perfectly reflected in that of Emelien, Thrushes, Stay and the band of Poitiers and their assimilates. When Macron was looking for a parliamentary adviser, the young Séjourné seemed all the more ideal because, in addition to a complete absence of thought close to that of his master, he was integrated into one of the most important socialist powers, said he was able to siphon for him the Moscovici current "need for the left" whose listings he had stolen, and showed himself nourished by the same ambitions as his youngest. In charge of ensuring the success of the Macron

law, Séjourné failed following a manoeuvre by Manuel Valls - to whom he had tried to ally himself *via* Julien Dray - a moment that sealed a bond of solidarity with his minister, the injustice felt being coupled with a multiplication of manoeuvres aimed at getting parliamentarians to rally around his project. While the streets were swollen with demonstrators frustrated by ever-increasing betrayals, and Valls decided Macron, with the help of Cazeneuve, to impose a particularly bloody police force that would cause many injuries and radicalize part of the French youth, Macron and his family were determined to reproduce their situation.

Now these young people who have just failed in the intermediate elections, who have no legitimacy and see their sponsors collapse, are trying to seduce the elites and offer them a new adventure. For the time being, it is not a question of breaking with the socialist power, but rather of making the final conversion to the dominant ideology and grasping its last cogs. In the absence of popular support - betrayals pay off - and having disgusted the militants, the only challenge now is to secure the support of the oligarchy and, through its financial, media and state resources, to impose itself on other competitors.

Playing a double game, heavily paid to do so, participating in the paralysis of the government, in the silence of the media and the *establishment*, the young entrants set up a real strategy to mobilize the State's resources in the service of the future President of the Republic, who continues his conquest of the high spheres through the aforementioned individuals. Attal is at the heart of this system, and mobilizes with his astounding acolytes of means, discreetly implemented in order to ensure, in the absence of his appointment to Matignon, his election.

Taking advantage of the strange modesty that seizes the oligarchy when it comes to revealing its relays of influence, Gabriel Attal and Stéphane Séjourné are almost by chance at the heart of the system and will form one of those "power couples" that place and move men and women according to their affinities and political calculations, using the State's resources to serve themselves without ever having to answer to anyone.

They do not care then about the decline of a socialist power that they are content to plunder, as well as the ideas carried by their government: it is now a question of supporting, promoting and settling down. Quentin Lafay, was sent to the Ministry of Economy as Emmanuel Macron's pen³², before being propelled to the Elysée. Attal, who is now doubly integrated *via Séjourné* and his cabinet mate Benjamin Griveaux in Macronia, will defend the latter's appointment to the government while Séjourné will accompany Emelien to the Elysée. Séjourné will make sure that he will be sure that his spouse, but also Person - who asked him for help while he was in Bercy to help him in public relations at Uber - Taché and a few others, founders of *Jeunes Avec Macron*, discreetly financed by M. Hermand and Bergé, in rivalry with Ismaël Emelien, obtained their constituencies in due time, representing the President on the nomination committee of a party that was supposed to rule out all the practices of the Old World, and which would not filter out these proven cases of nepotism.³³ In the meantime, it is a matter of recruiting at length, exploding representation budgets and cabinet staff, diverting advisors from their functions, organizing events with the sole aim of serving their ambitions.

In charge of relations with the socialist deputies, Attal siphons off Marisol Touraine's nose and beard - who remains loyal to François Hollande and tries to prepare for his re-election - the socialist parliamentary networks he receives in turn in his office to recommend them to Macron. Still trying to snatch the socialist nomination in Vanves for the 2017 legislative elections after having run Bartolone's campaign for the departmental elections, he serves as a discreet pilot fish the *En Marche* movement, which still stands not without reason on the edge of the Socialist Party and prepares for its possible reintegration into it as a movement. While Séjourné multiplies the organization of events with his colleague Ismaël Emelien in Bercy in favour of their candidate, using the resources of the ministry to invite in less than two years several thousand

32 Who in turn will have his classmate Hugo Vergès appointed as "American advisor" at 27 years of age, in charge of relations with the Trump administration after having had two internships as his only professional experience, and his proximity to Macron Aurélien Lechevallier's future advisor. M. would thus be part, alongside Bernard Arnault, Christine Lagarde, and Thomas Pesquet, of the fifty or so guests representing France at the State dinner held in Washington in honour of Emmanuel Macron in 2018.

33 Other Macronie executives followed him, Cédric O., a Dutch councillor who became one of Macron's closest councillors, making his sister Delphine O. Mounir Mahjoubi's deputy and therefore a member of parliament as soon as the latter was appointed, as planned, to the government.

entrepreneurs and as many senior executives to whom they immediately propose fundraising campaigns in favour of their champion³⁴, Attal discreetly integrates the group of "young people with Macron" who form the backbone of what will become the movement *En Marche* and places its pawns there. Without ever exposing himself, taking care not to lose his position or the possibility of socialist dubbing, he obtained, in parallel with his minister, the promise of an appointment to one of the most prestigious positions, normally reserved for senior French civil servants, within the health branch of the UN New York. At the age of 26, he was assured of either a deputation or diplomatic immunity for international civil servants and, in addition to the various allowances, a doubling of his salary, which would place him among the top 2% of the country. All this in the most complete ignorance of his boss, to whom François Hollande promised Matignon and to whom Attal continues to swear loyalty. All this, thanks to our taxes.

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The failures that follow no longer matter, in a system where relationships of influence take precedence over ideas and commitments. The death of his father freed Attal from oppressive guardianship and allowed him to formalize his relationship with Séjourné, through a PACS that sealed the alliance of two capitals.

Using the social resources obtained during his time at SciencesPo, Gabriel Attal recommends "well-trained" individuals, whose trust is guaranteed by their membership in the same social networks as those he has invested since the Alsatian, and does so in whole loads at Séjourné, which, reinforced by this influx from Macron, knows how to give back to Attal the influence that the latter allows him to acquire. In these times, no political words are spoken, no commitment, no idea of why all this is done, except for the pleasure that is derived and the prebends that are expected. Ambition is hollow, carrying nothing and not demands, excitement is satisfied and, vainly, only has the taste of betrayal. Macron, who was

34 See for example: <https://wikileaks.org/macron-emails/emailid/8357>

propelled into emergency because of the political disaster affecting all candidates in the system, must very quickly build networks of trust to give the impression of being ready. It will take months for more or less serious proposals to finally emerge, his advisers being just as incapable of imagination and thought as he is, mobilizing to try to "think" spouses and parents, in the indifference and benevolence of a press too excited by a takeover that seems to exceed it. The communication device set in motion makes this obvious difficulty an asset, transforms the weakness into originality, and makes it possible to mask the inanity of a hastily mounted campaign to prevent candidates outside the system and the oligarchy from winning.

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Attal has perfectly understood what he can do for this young man named Séjourné who has not left the grandes écoles and has not socialized among the Parisian elites. The logic of the fight against decommissioning at work among his former classmates at the Alsatian School, even as the economic crisis and predation policies are beginning to create funnels among the elites, gives him a marked advantage. In a position of power in an expanding space, he attracted about ten young people to the nets of the emerging Macronia, whom he solicited, tested and recommended. Their names are littered with Macronleaks, who expose their exchanges of complacent emails, mixing without pure ambition and service proposals without any content. Attal, which is at the confluence of the relational networks that have mixed old Alsatian and new Grandes Ecoles, knows how to play them, and the system that is being put in place allows him, when he fails to obtain the socialist investiture in the Hauts-de-seine, to immediately rebound.

When he gets from nothing and without any justification one of the most popular and easily accessible constituencies in the country, no one moves, because no one knows him or the mechanisms that allowed him to rise. In Vanves and Issy-les-Moulineaux, a few steps from Paris, where André Santini, a local baron who has held the office for twenty years, has decided not

to run for re-election, where more than sixty per cent of the voters have just voted for Emmanuel Macron, the man whose spouse sits on the nomination committee to represent the President of the Republic³⁵, is now being opened a boulevard. Emmanuel Macron is about to be elected, Attal only has to formalize his *commitment*, gently redraw his CV, pretend that he was about to launch a StartUp and without much campaigning, get his deputation. On June 18, 2017, he entered this National Assembly, which he knows so well and where Alexandra R., now forgotten, had introduced him a few years earlier.

Immediately bombarded *whip of* the Committee on Cultural and Educational Affairs thanks to the silent support of his spouse - who continues to keep their relationship quiet and, having become a political adviser to the Elysée, is responsible for supervising the distribution of posts in the new Assembly - Attal therefore easily takes on an incomprehensible influence for the quidam over his new fellow parliamentarians. Fed at the source of power, aware of all the Elysée's confidences, always one step ahead, hiding all the reasons for his ascension, he was appointed in the wake of the law creating *Parcoursup*, whose catastrophic implementation would still have no effect on the future of events. Drawing from his proximity to the Elysée, whose reasons are never explained, an ascendancy on journalists weaned off by the policy of secrecy implemented at the *castle*, he exchanges information, is foamed, gives the impression of a haughtiness superiority. Access to power fascinates and justifies a *posteriori a* distinction that otherwise no one would have perceived. At that moment, no one has any interest in exposing the springs of his ascension. The false modesty in vogue in the oligarchy, coupled with the fear of an *outing* that would be badly perceived, protect Attal's mystique and her ability to impose herself. Here he distills anecdotes from right to left, while meticulously covering the springs of his ascension, obtaining from Richard Ferrand everything his spouse orders him to grant.

However, this immense capital still needs to be transformed into notoriety. Despite the failure of *Parcoursup*, bogged down in endless polemics, and the absence of any fact of glory, with

35 "He knows - "for having chosen them," he brags in front of his relatives - every LREM elected official. Le Point, October 12, 2017.

a questionable charisma and uncertain eloquence, the young MP was nevertheless and against all logic bombarded as spokesman for the presidential party in December 2017. The unknown badge, aged twenty-eight, with no life experience, was initially unable to arouse any interest, and took two months to provoke any article about it.

It was then that Séjourné obtained from the Élysée that he be invited to the morning meeting of *France Inter* in the midst of the mobilization of railway workers and students, in the place of a Jean-Michel Blanquer who knew very well the interest he would find in not exposing himself.

It is then that the class confidence he demonstrated from his earliest years finds room for expression. His provocations are only intended to make him known at last, and obviously, the nascent irritation shows that the part has worked. The affair, if it could have worried, reassured Macron who saw in this young boy a potential bumper, whose arrogance exceeded his own, and who would then know how to divert the blows. In his constituency, Attal did not hesitate to break a strike of exhausted postal workers, distributing mail dressed as employees of the former public service to "defend his constituents" and multiplied the marks of a relationship with the world that no longer had to disguise its true nature.

The socialist years are over, and the true thought of a being built and instituted by and for the service of his class, which like Macron no longer has any reason to hide it. He barely has time to vote against the glyphosate ban after publicly stating that he wants it banned³⁶, to support the disputed bill on the *fake news*, to describe the Italian government as "vomiting" and to call for mobilization against the "momo"³⁷ challenge", which the next step awaits. Running less than a year after his election, at only 28 years of age, as president of the majority parliamentary group in his country, Attal withdrew his candidacy only after being assured that a few weeks later, a ministry would be granted to him. The Elysée has just offered him Mimi Marchand's networks, launching a propaganda campaign aimed

36 https://www.liberation.fr/checknews/2018/09/17/quel-depute-a-vote-pour-ou-contre-l-interdiction-du-glyphosate_1679273

37 <https://www.20minutes.fr/societe/2328551-20180831-depute-lrem-gabriel-attal-demande-mesures-contre-momo-challenge-gerard-collomb>

at preparing and legitimizing his appointment to the government *a posteriori*. Gabriel Attal, since his twenty-third birthday, with a salary of nearly six thousand euros per month and now three full-time employees working solely to fulfil his ambitions, still not having demonstrated the slightest idea or commitment, after having traded the butlers and company cars that served him at the Ministry of Health between the ages of 22 and 27 by those of the Assembly, is effortlessly enthroned, by pure inertia, at the heart of the French State. When, on 16 October 2018, he was appointed Secretary of State to the Minister of National Education and Youth, with the budgetary and political powers that go with it, in charge of implementing universal service, he and his spouse were perhaps the only ones not surprised. An anecdote of insignificant appearance then reappeared: more than a year after his election, the young MP had still not, at the time of his appointment, inaugurated an electoral office in his riding. As if the rising *star of* Macronia had been unable to stop herself from telling her own constituents how much, in her journey, they had not mattered.

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As the people rush, let us end this fable with this simple statement: these beings are not corrupt because they are corruption. The mechanisms of reproduction of the elites and the Parisian self, the aristocratization of a bourgeoisie without merits, have melted our country into a hares' and arrogant, mediocre and evil landmark.

Nowhere is there the slightest ambition, the slightest search for a commitment or a donation. One question remains. Did we think that these beings would serve ideas, they who have constituted themselves in the service of interests? Did we think that these individuals would grow up, they who, throughout their lives, were content to serve to build an ambition that nothing could sustain? And do we really think that in such circumstances, the rest of the story has to be told?